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CRIME

The **ORIGINAL**
and **BEST!**

DOES NOT PAY

**ALL
TRUE**
CRIME
STORIES

LEV GLEASON, PUB.—CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

THE MAGAZINE WITH THE
WIDEST RANGE OF APPEAL!
DEDICATED TO THE
ERADICATION OF CRIME!

WE BROUGHT
YOUR OLD FRIEND,
KIRBY HERE TO SHOW
YOU WHAT HAPPENS
TO SPEAKIE OWNERS
WHO DON'T BUY THEIR
BEER FROM THE
RIGHT PEOPLE!

THE GENNAS
WON'T COME BACK!
WE'RE GOIN' AFTER
'EM, SO YOU AIN'T
GOT NOTHING TO WORRY
ABOUT! OKAY, NOW
HOW MANY BARRELS
SHOULD I PUT YOU
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SURE—I'M
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TO THE GENNAS
WHEN THEY COME
BACK FOR AN
ORDER?

DON'T
WASTE MUCH
TIME WITH HIM!
WE GOT OTHER
CALLS TO
MAKE!

CHARLES
BIRO





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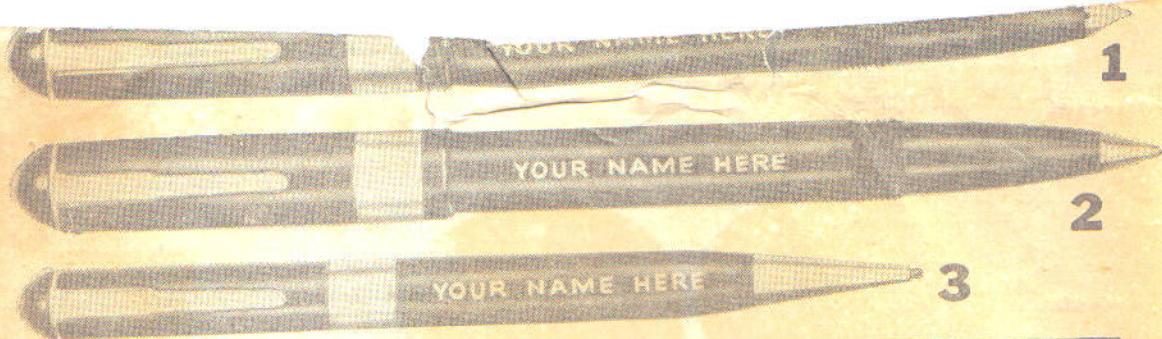
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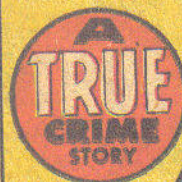
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CRIME DOES NOT PAY



the SAVAGE GENNA BROTHERS— BOOTLEGGERS



OF ALL THE KILLERS WHO INFESTED CHICAGO, THE MOST FEROCIOUS WERE THE GENNA BROTHERS—A TRIO OF SAVAGES WHO THOUGHT AS LITTLE OF TAKING HUMAN LIFE, AS OF SQUASHING A BUG UNDER FOOT! THEIR BLOODY CAREERS TYPIFY THE UNMIGTIGATED BARBARISM OF THE GANGSTER, WHO PREACHES THAT ANY MEANS, HOWEVER TREACHEROUS AND DESPOTIC, IS JUSTIFIABLE IF IT FATTENS HIS POCKETS! HOW THE GENNA BROTHERS SLAUGHTERED THEIR WAY TO THE TOP OF THE SEWAGE HEAP AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM ONCE THEY ACHIEVED THIS EMINENCE, IS A TERRIFYING STORY OF CRUELTY!

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ON OCTOBER 28TH, 1919, THE VOLSTEAD ACT WAS PASSED BY CONGRESS! IT PROHIBITED THE MANUFACTURE, SALE, OR TRANSPORTATION OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS FOR BEVERAGE PURPOSES WITHIN TERRITORY SUBJECT TO THE JURISDICTION OF THE UNITED STATES—THAT'S WHAT STARTED THE CHICAGO FIREWORKS!



IT PROHIBITED THE MERCHANDISING OF ANY BEVERAGE WHICH CONTAINED MORE THAN ONE HALF OF ONE PER CENT OF ALCOHOL BY VOLUME! IT PROHIBITED DRINKING—YES, BUT WHAT IT DIDN'T PROHIBIT WAS THE INCENTIVE IT GAVE THE CRIMINAL MIND—WHAT HOPE FOR LUCRE—WHAT REWARDS FOR VICIOUSNESS!



THERE WAS MORE THAN LIQUOR IN THE BOTTLES! THERE WERE GENIES, WHO AROSE FROM THESE SMELLY BOTTLES OF SEMI-RAW ALCOHOL! OF COURSE, TO ME, THE SCENT OF THESE CREATURES WAS—LIKE THE PERFUMES OF PARIS! I WATCHED WITH GLEE THEIR RISE FROM PYGMIES TO GIANTS! THE FUSE WAS LIT FOR THE GREATEST EXPLOSION IN CRIMINAL HISTORY!



I KNEW HUNDREDS OF GIANTS WHO ROSE FROM LIQUOR BOTTLES—CAPONE, HIGGINS, DIAMOND, SCHULTZ, COLL! FROM THESE BOTTLES, ONE DAY IN 1920, THREE FIGURES OZZED OUT—WHO, I AM PROUD TO SAY, WEREN'T GIANTS AT ALL, BUT OGRES—HEH, HEH!



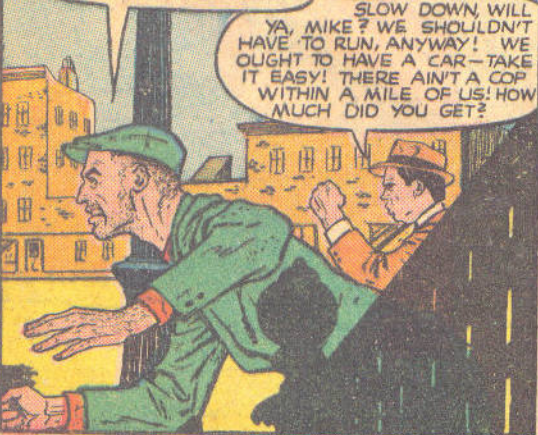
FOR YEARS THESE OGRES ROAMED CHICAGO AT WILL! THEIR GLANCE TURNED MEN'S HEARTS TO STONE! THEIR BLOWS SLEW HUNDREDS—THEY WERE MY PRIDE AND JOY, THESE GENNA BROTHERS—AND ALL BECAUSE OF LIQUOR!



BUT LET'S LEAVE THE REALM OF ALLEGORY—LET'S GET DOWN TO EARTH—TO THE SLUMS OF CHICAGO, THEN RUNNING WITH SLIME AND FILTH—AND TO THE GENNA BROTHERS, AS THEY WERE IN 1919, BEFORE THE FLOOD TIDE OF PROHIBITION CARRIED THEM TO THE CREST OF GANGDOM!



BRAGGIN', HUH? WHERE'S YOUR HEAD START NOW? YOU'RE SOFT—TOO MUCH VINO, TOO MUCH SPAGHETTI, TOO MANY GAMES! YOU'D DROP DEAD, IF YOU HAD TO RUN UP A FLIGHT OF STAIRS! C'MON, GET THE LEAD OUT OF YOUR FEET!



SLOW DOWN, WILL YA, MIKE? WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TO RUN, ANYWAY! WE OUGHT TO HAVE A CAR—TAKE IT EASY! THERE AIN'T A COP WITHIN A MILE OF US! HOW MUCH DID YOU GET?

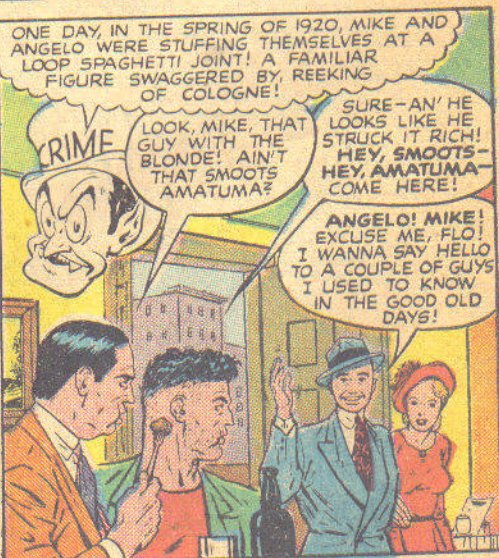
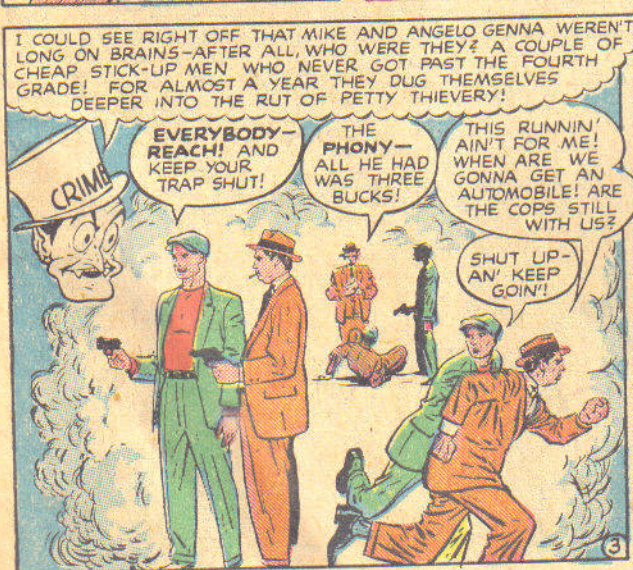
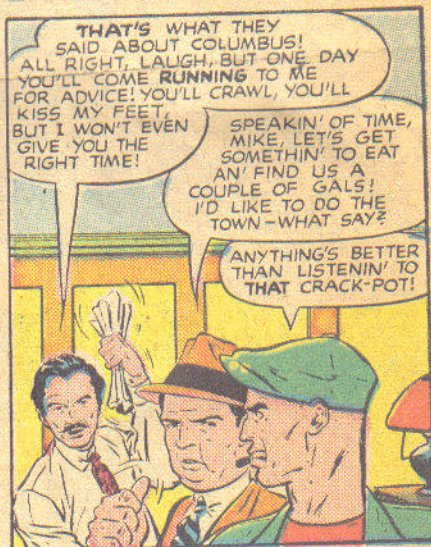
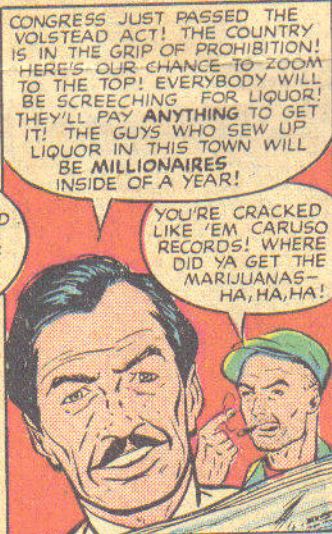
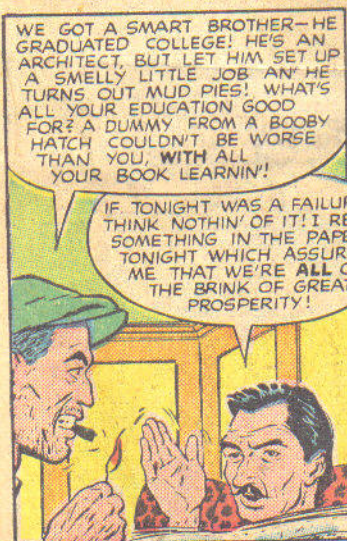
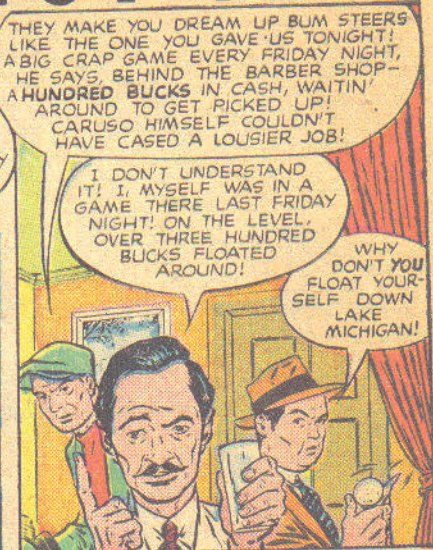
THIRTY LOUSY BUCKS, AN' TONY SAID THEIR TILL WAS LOADED WITH CASH! TONY DREAMS THAT STUFF UP—THAT'S WHAT! I DON'T KNOW WHY WE LISTEN TO THE VIOLET-SMELLIN' BABOON! OH, THERE YOU ARE, MISTER FIXIT!

MARK MY WORDS, TONY—ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GONNA BUST EVERY ONE OF YOUR LOUSY RECORDS ON THAT THICK HEAD OF YOURS!



SHUT UP, BUMS! CAN'T YOU HEAR LA BOHEME ON THE PHONOGRAPH? CARUSO IS SINGING RUDOLPHO!

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YOU OLD BUMS—WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN HIDIN' OUT? MIKE, YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE BEEN DIGGIN' DITCHES! NO KIDDIN', BABY—ME, MIKE AN' ANGELO USED TO PAL AROUND YEARS AGO! WE PULLED SOME PRETTY NEAT JOBS—IT'S ALL RIGHT, BOYS, YOU CAN TALK IN FRONT OF FLO!

YEAH, WE RAIDED FREIGHT CARS AN' STUFF LIKE THAT! 'GOOD OLD DAYS' IS RIGHT!

WHAT HAPPENED, SMOOTS? WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' TO RATE THEM FANCY DUDS?

IT'S A LONG STORY! REMEMBER THAT TWO-YEAR STRETCH I GOT FOR THAT FUR STICK-UP? WELL, I MET A GUY NAMED BERRY IN STIR! HE WAS A GUY WITH BIG IDEAS! HE TOLD ME IF PROHIBITION SWEEPS THE COUNTRY, WE'LL SWEEP IN THE SHEKLES, AN' DARNED IF HE WASN'T A HUNDRED PER CENT RIGHT! WELL, LOOK ME OVER—AN' THIS BULGE IN MY POCKET AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT GREENBACKS!

I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, SMOOTS! YOU SURE MUST KNOW ALL THE ANGLES! TELL ME SOMETHIN', SMOOTS—HOW CAN WE—MIKE AN' ME, I MEAN—BREAK INTO THIS RACKET? YOU KNOW WE GOT WHAT IT TAKES!

YOU'RE TOO LATE, ANGELO! THE TOWN'S BEEN CARVED UP LONG AGO! ONE GUY GOT THE NORTH SIDE SEWED UP—ANOTHER'S GOT THE SOUTH SIDE! ANOTHER, THE EAST SIDE—THEY GOT THE BIG GANGS—ALL OF 'EM! AN' TRUCKS—PLENTY OF TRUCKS, AN' THEY AIN'T AFRAID OF BLASTIN'—FORGET IT, BOYS—STICK TO YOUR SECOND STORIES! YOU SHOULD'VE GOTTEN IN ON IT LAST YEAR!

SHOVEL THAT STUFF SOME PLACE ELSE—IT AIN'T TOO LATE FOR ANYTHING WE WANT AND WHO SAYS WE'RE AFRAID OF BLASTIN'?

SURE YOU AIN'T, MIKE, AN' DON'T I KNOW IT—BUT YOU'RE TWO GUYS AGAINST TWENTY! WHAT CHANCE WOULD YOU HAVE OF GETTIN' ANYTHING BUT A FUNERAL?

WE GENNAS DON'T LIKE LOOKIN' FROM THE OUTSIDE IN!

YOU KNOW ME, ANGELO, I'M SOLID SQUARE BEHIND YA! IF YOU GUYS MAKE IT, YOU CAN COUNT ON ME TO GIVE YOU A HAND! C'MON, FLO, WE GOT A SHOW TO GO TO! WE'RE LATE NOW—SAY GOODBYE TO THE BOYS!

NOT GOOD-BYE, BABY! JUST SO LONG! WE'RE GOIN' TO SEE LOTS MORE OF EACH OTHER—I HOPE!

I HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT BROTHER TONY WAS RIGHT! LIQUOR IS THE RACKET! IF HALF WITS LIKE SMOOTS RIDE THE GRAVY TRAIN, SO CAN WE!

YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL! LET'S GO SEE TONY! HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!

MR. GENNA SAYS HE SEES PEOPLE ONLY BY APPOINTMENT AND BESIDES, HE DOESN'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOU! HE SAID YOU SHOULD BOTH DROP DEAD! I'M ONLY REPEATING WHAT HE TOLD ME TO SAY!

WHAT? WHY THE...

OUT OF OUR WAY, SISTER!

DIDN'T THE GIRL TELL YOU TO STAY OUT OF HERE? GET OUT—I'M BUSY! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TALKIN' BUSINESS WITH A CLIENT?

SHUT UP! FROM NOW ON, WE'RE YOUR ONLY CLIENTS!

DIDN'T I HEAR YOU SAY YOU HADDA CATCH A TRAIN?

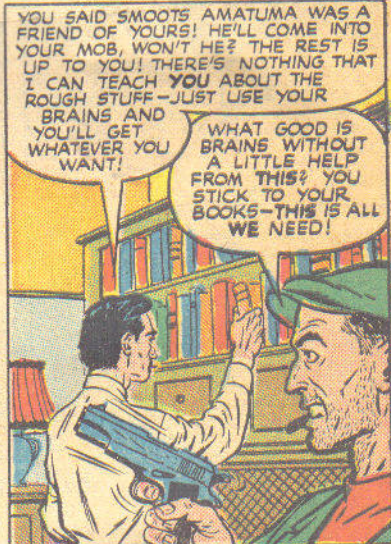
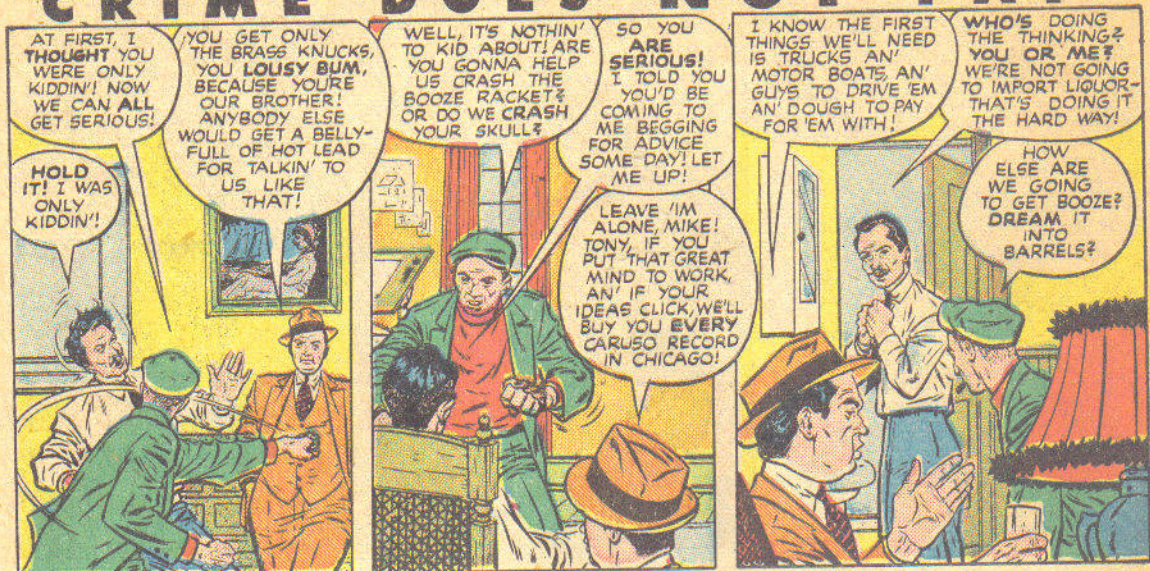
WHY NO...ER...I MEAN, YES!

SHUT UP AN' LISTEN! YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT LIQUOR—THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT! YOU TELL US HOW TO CASH IN ON THE RACKET, GENIUS, AN' WE'LL CUT YOU IN!

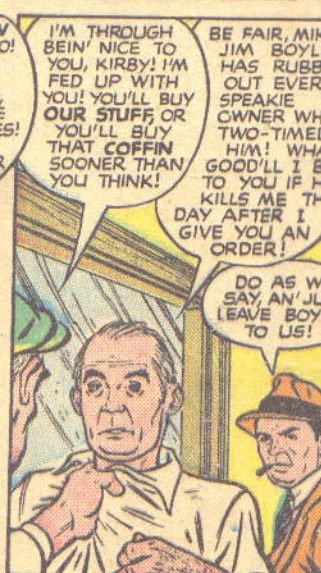
NOT IN A MILLION YEARS! I WOULDN'T GET MIXED UP WITH YOU TWO GORILLAS FOR NO MONEY, AN' IF YOU MUST KNOW WHY, IT'S BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT NO BRAINS—EITHER OF YOU! NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE YOU TO GET OUT—BEAT IT—AMSCRAY!

LEAVE HIM TO ME, ANGELO!

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GENNA LIQUOR MADE ITS WAY INTO EVERY DISTRICT OF TOWN! THE EFFECTIVE SELLING TECHNIQUE OF MY BOYS REMOVED EVERY OBSTACLE BUT ONE! THAT WAS JIM BOYLE, A ROUGH, TOUGH LIQUOR MERCHANT! HE WAS IN ON THE PROHIBITION BONANZA FROM THE START!

YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO'S GETTIN' THE EASE OUT, JIM! EVERY BOOTLEGGER IN CHICAGO IS FEELIN' THE PRESSURE! THEM GENNA BOYS ARE GAININ' MOMENTUM AS THEY GO ALONG!

NOT AGAINST ME, THEY AIN'T! GET THE BOYS—I'M GONNA TEACH THEM SPEAKIE OWNERS A LESSON!

PUT ON YOUR HAT AN' COAT, KIRBY! YOU'RE COMIN' FOR A RIDE!

A...A...RIDE? WH...WHERE TO?

I COULDN'T HELP IT, JIM! THEY WOULD'VE KILLED ME, IF I DIDN'T GIVE 'EM AN ORDER! I PLEADED WITH 'EM! I TOLD 'EM YOU'D GET SORE, BUT...ARGHH...

YOU DIDN'T PLEAD HARD ENOUGH, KIRBY!

GET A BLANKET, VIC! WE'RE GONNA LUG THIS SAMPLE CORPSE WITH US!

TAKE A LOOK AN' SEE WHAT'S IN THAT BLANKET, JULIE! NOW WHAT WOULD YOU SAY, IF WE ASKED YOU TO CHANGE YOUR BRAND OF BEER AN' BOOZE?

IT'S KIRBY! GULP!

IT COULD BE YOU, TOO, JULIE! IF YOU'RE DUMB ENOUGH TO BUY ANY MORE STUFF FROM THE GENNA BROTHERS!

BOYLE'S MEN CARRIED KIRBY'S STIFF CORPSE ALL OVER TOWN! IT MADE QUITE AN IMPRESSION ON THE SPEAK EASY OWNERS!

HOW MANY BARRELS SHALL I PUT YOU DOWN FOR, FRANK?

ANYTHIN' YOU SAY, JIM!

SURE, I'M SCARED, BUT HOW SCARED CAN A GUY GET? WHAT'LL I DO IF GENNA COMES BACK FOR ANOTHER ORDER?

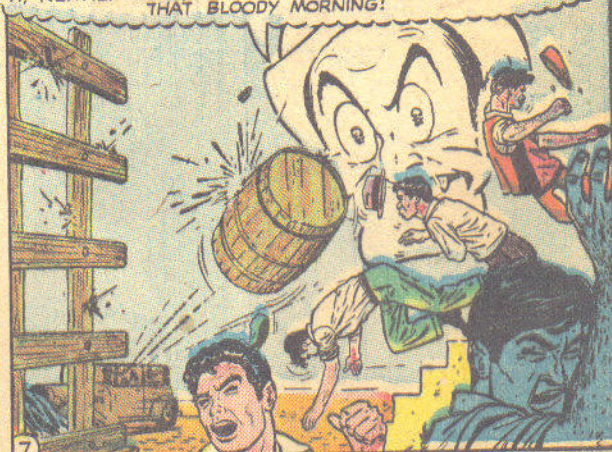
HE WON'T COME BACK! NOW THAT WE GOT ALL YOU LOUSY PINT PEDDLERS BACK IN LINE! WE'RE GOIN' AFTER THE GENNAS! YOU AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT!

SEE THEM TRUCKS, JIM? IT'S COLLECTIN' DAY FOR THE GENNAS! I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D GET A CHANCE LIKE THIS! I THINK WE'RE GONNA HIT THE JACKPOT!

DON'T LOOK AT 'EM—THEY MIGHT RECOGNIZE YA! TILT THE MIRROR AN' WATCH 'EM—THE SECOND THEY START ROLLIN' OUT THE BARRELS LET 'EM HAVE IT! BUT TAKE ONE GUY ALIVE—WE WANT THE ADDRESSES OF EVERY BATHTUB THEY'RE MILKIN'!

GET SET—HERE THEY COME NOW!

THUS, THAT APRIL MORNING, CIVIL WAR IN CHICAGO'S GANGLAND WAS DECLARED! I MUST GIVE BOYLE CREDIT—HE TOOK MY BOYS COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE! AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, NEITHER MIKE, NOR ANGELO, NOR TONY WAS PRESENT THAT BLOODY MORNING!



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AN' GET IN THE CAR!
OH, MI-GOSH! BOYLE!



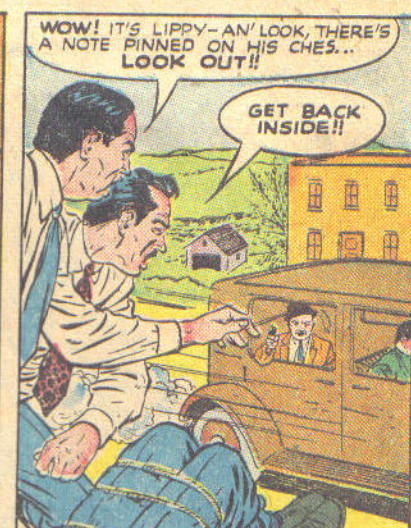
NOTHIN' ON HIM, JIM—NOT A SCRAP OF PAPER! HE MUST HAVE ALL THE ADDRESSES IN HIS HEAD!
YOU DON'T LOOK THAT SMART! NOW LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN REMEMBER EVERY GENNA STILL ON THE WEST SIDE! GET THAT GREY MATTER WORKIN', PUNK?
OWW! YEAH, SURE—I REMEMBER!



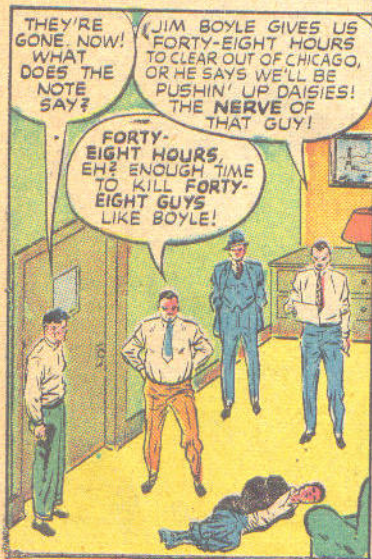
NOW THAT I TOLD YA EVERYTHIN', CAN I GO?
WHY NOT? YOU GAVE US THE ADDRESSES OF EVERY GENNA COOKERY! WHY SHOULD WE KEEP YOU? I CAN'T THINK OF A REASON—CAN YOU, VIC?
NOT A ONE, JIM! THERE'S THE DOOR, MUG—HELP YOURSELF!



I HAD YOU GUYS WRONG! I HAD AN IDEA YOU WOULDN'T LET ME GO! EEE!!!
DUMP THAT STIFF ON GENNA'S DOOR-STEP!



WOW! IT'S LIPPY—AN' LOOK, THERE'S A NOTE PINNED ON HIS CHES... LOOK OUT!!
GET BACK INSIDE!!



THEY'RE GONE NOW! WHAT DOES THE NOTE SAY?
'JIM BOYLE GIVES US FORTY-EIGHT HOURS TO CLEAR OUT OF CHICAGO, OR HE SAYS WE'LL BE PUSHIN' UP DAISIES! THE NERVE OF THAT GUY!
FORTY-EIGHT HOURS, EH? ENOUGH TIME TO KILL FORTY-EIGHT GUYS LIKE BOYLE!



SMOOTS—HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE YOU TO LINE UP TWENTY SHARP-SHOOTERS?
BY TONIGHT—IF I'VE GOT THE RIGHT KIND OF BAIT—ABOUT TWO G'S A HEAD, I'D SAY!
OPEN UP THE SAFE, TONY, AN' SHELL OUT! THERE'LL BE MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM WHEN WE BUST A BOYLE!



FIFTY GRAND IN CASH, SMOOTS! THAT OUGHT TO BUY AN ARMY!
DON'T WORRY, MIKE—I CAN EVEN BUY UP BOYLE'S BODYGUARDS WITH THIS KIND OF DOUGH! I'LL MEET YOU AT SADIE'S!

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MEANWHILE, AS SMOOTS AMATUMA SCoured THE UNDERWORLD FOR RECRUITS, BOYLE'S GOON SQUADS WENT THROUGH THE WEST SIDE COOKERIES! CARRIE NATION COULDN'T HAVE DONE A MORE THOROUGH WRECKING JOB! FOR A WHILE, I FELT I'D TAKEN THE WRONG BOYS UNDER MY WINGS!

THEY MUST'VE LOVED THE GENNAS LIKE A CON LOVES THE HANGMAN! LOOK AT 'EM HELP US WRECK THE STILLS!

CRIME

MR. GENNA? THIS IS FRANK—FRANK GULLO! THEY JUST LEFT MY HOUSE—THEY BROKE EVERYTHIN'! NOW THEY'RE GOIN' NEXT DOOR! I'M CALLIN' YOU SO YOU DON'T THINK I BROKE THE STILL MYSELF!

OKAY, FRANK, WE KNOW ALL ABOUT IT! MR. BOYLE IS RIDIN' HIGH TONIGHT, BUT ONLY FOR TONIGHT! THANKS FOR CALLIN', FRANK!

I'M EXPECTIN' SPECIAL COMPANY TONIGHT, SADIE—ANY CALLS?

I KNOW, ANGELO—THEY'RE HERE IN THE BACK ROOM WAITING FOR YOU! SMOOTS MUST'VE ROBBED THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS!

READIN' FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—JOHN SCALISI, ALBERT ANSELM, JOE NERONE, BETTER KNOWN AS THE "CAVALIER", BEN GUINTA, KEN THOMPSON...

HOLD IT, SMOOTS—WE HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO GET ACQUAINTED LATER! RIGHT NOW WE NEED EVERY SECOND IF WE'RE GONNA GET THAT BOYLE MOB! TONY WILL TELL YOU MUGS WHAT TO DO!

FIRST OF ALL, I WANT YOU MEN TO FULLY UNDERSTAND WHAT WE'RE OUT TO DO!

BOYLE HAD HIS CHANCE, BUT HE WAS A FOOL! HE DIDN'T KNOW THE GENNAS, BUT HE WILL WHEN IT'S TOO LATE! FROM NOW—ON, THE NAME "GENNA" WILL STAND FOR TERROR! WE'LL KILL AND KILL AND KILL! 'TILL NOBODY WILL DARE STAND UP AGAINST US, AND THE ALKY RACKET FALLS INTO OUR LAP TO THE LAST DROP!

BOYLE AND HIS MOB GETS RUBBED OUT FROM TOP TO BOTTOM! THEY'RE OUR MAIN OPPOSITION—WE'LL SEND 'EM A WARNING NOTE, SO THEY'LL GO CRAZY! WONDERING HOW OR WHERE WE'LL GET 'EM!

SUPPOSE THEY SKIP TOWN?

WE'LL SLAUGHTER THEIR FAMILIES! WE'LL SAY, "COME BACK, OR THEY GET WIPED OUT FROM EIGHT TO EIGHTY!" THEY'LL COME RUNNIN' BACK!

THE NEXT MORNING, THE GENNAS BEGAN THEIR CAMPAIGN OF TERROR, WHICH CATAPULTED THEM TO THE TOP OF THE 'HEAP! BOYLE'S GUN CARRIERS WERE SHOT DOWN IN THEIR HOMES!

J... JACK! J... ORGH!!

CRIME

...IN THE STREETS...

WE WOULDN'T WANT YOU BIRDS TO DIE ON AN EMPTY STOMACH!

PICK YOUR TEETH WITH THESE SLUGS, FATTY!

CRIME

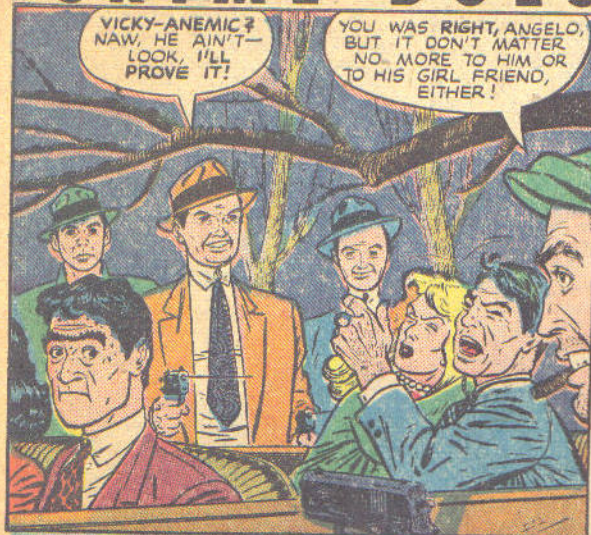
...AT PARTIES, POOL ROOMS, DANCES—EVEN LOVERS' LANE WASN'T IMMUNE! IN FACT, THAT'S WHERE THEY FOUND JIM BOYLE!

WHAT ARE YOU BLUSHIN' FOR, BOYLE? YOU AIN'T EMBARRASSED BECAUSE WE CAUGHT YOU KISSIN' A GIRL?

BUT HIS PAL, VICKY FORHAN, IS PALE—MAYBE HE'S ANEMIC!

CRIME

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I TOLD YA THEY DIDN'T DIG DEEP ENOUGH! HIS HAND IS STILL SHOWIN'—SHOVE IT UNDER AN' STICK A ROCK OVER IT!

WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THE CAR, MIKE? THERE'S BLOOD STAINS ON THE BACK SEAT!

LET'S POUR GAS OVER THE CRATE AN' SET FIRE TO IT!

THAT'S THE END OF BOYLE, AN' ONLY FORTY-EIGHT HOURS AFTER HE ORDERED US TO GET OUT OF TOWN! HA, HA!

BUT IT'S NOT THE END OF MEN LIKE YOU, GENNA! THERE ARE MORE GANGS AHEAD—MORE KILLINGS—AND THE LAW IS GETTING CLOSER TO YOU ALL THE TIME!

ALL THE EAR-MARKS OF A GANGSTER RUB OUT! TOMMY SLUGS ON THE ROAD—NO BODIES AND A BURNED CAR!

WE JUST CHECKED THE PLATES—THEY BELONGED TO JIM BOYLE! IF HE'S DEAD, WHO TAKES OVER HIS GANG, OR WHATEVER'S LEFT OF IT NOW?

SAM DRUCCI AN' BATTY MORGAN, I GUESS!

YOU KNOW THE GENNA BOYS PULLED THIS RUB OUT, DRUCCI! WHY DON'T YOU HELP US NAIL 'EM! DON'T YOU WANT REVENGE FOR BOYLE AND FORHAN?

SURE—BUT OUR WAY!

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR BREATH, COPPER! WE WOULDN'T GIVE YOU THE RIGHT TIME!

BUT YOU'RE ALL GOING TO WISH YOU HAD!

TACEA LA NOTTE PLACIDA!

GALLI-CURCI, MY EYE! I SAY IT'S TETTRAZINI! NOBODY COULD REACH THAT HIGH A NOTE EXCEPT TETTRAZINI—EVEN AN IGNORAMUS WOULD KNOW THAT!

YOU'RE NUTS, NERONE! EVEN AN ORGAN GRINDER'S MONKEY KNOWS MORE OPERA THAN YOU DO, YOU IDIOT! A WORM WOULD RECOGNIZE THE VOICE OF THE GREAT GALLI-CURCI!

I'LL SLIT HIS THROAT! NOBODY CALLS ME AN IDIOT! LEMME AT 'IM!

HEY, ANGELO—HELP! HE'S GOT A KNIFE!

YOU HEARD ME, NERONE—PUT THAT KNIFE DOWN!

NOW SHUT UP, AN' STOP ARGUIN' ABOUT YOUR LOUSY OPERA, BEFORE I KILL THE BOTH OF YOU!

I DON'T CARE IF HE IS MY BOSS! HE CAN'T CALL ME NO IDIOT!

YOU HAVE JUST HEARD THE ARIA, "TACEA LA NOTTE PLACIDA," FROM VERDI'S "IL TROVATORE," SUNG BY THE NOTED SOPRANO, MARCELLA SEMBRICH!

SO YOU BOTH KNOW YOUR MUSIC! IT SO TURNS OUT THAT IT WAS SEMBRICH! LISTEN TO ME, BOTH OF YOU—IF I HEAR ANOTHER THING ABOUT OPERA—SO HELP ME, I'LL MURDER YOU BOTH! NOW, SHUT UP!

NOW WHAT WERE YOU SAYIN', AL, ABOUT RUBBIN' GARLIC ON BULLETS?

IT'S SOMETHIN' ME AN' JOHNNY READ ABOUT! IF THE SLUGS DON'T KILL THE GUY, THEN THE GARLIC ON THE BULLETS GIVES HIM BLOOD POISONING!

THAT MEANS EVEN IF IT JUST NICKS YA, YOU CROAK, OR GO NUTS WITH THE PAIN!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

HOT DOG! WE'LL GET THE BIG CHEESE! I SAW ANGELO GO IN WITH SMOOTS AMATUMA- THEY'VE GOT TO COME OUT SOME TIME! WHAT'S A MATTER- DON'TCHA LIKE THE IDEA?

I DON'T KNOW- THE WHOLE IDEA OF BUMPIN' ANGELO OFF WITH HALF OF CHICAGO FOR OUR AUDIENCE MAKES ME JUMPY! WHAT IF WE HIT SOMEBODY ELSE COMIN' OUT OF THE HOTEL?

THAT'S THEIR HARD LUCK!

REGAL HOTEL

ANGELO HAD THE STUPID NOTION THAT NOTHING COULD HAPPEN TO HIM- HE FOUND OUT DIFFERENTLY ON THAT FATEFUL MORNING OF MAY 26TH, 1925!

PLEASE, ANGIE- USE YOUR HEAD! HAVE I EVER STEERED YOU WRONG? LET'S TAKE A CAB- THE MOBS MIGHT BE GUNNIN' FOR YOU NOW!

WHAT? WITH ALL CHICAGO LOOKIN' ON? HA- YOU MAKE ME LAUGH, SMOOTS, SO SHUT UP- I'M WALKIN'!

YOU ASKED FOR IT, YOU SAPI! YOU PRACTICALLY INVITED THE UNDER-TAKER!

THERE HE IS- LET THE SKUNK HAVE IT!

LOOK OUT- ANGELO!

YOU WERE RIGHT, DRUCCI! THE GENNAS CAN BE GOTTEN TO! WE'RE WITH YOU ALL THE WAY, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST! LET'S WIFE 'EM OUT BEFORE THEY GET A CHANCE TO HOLE UP!

ANGELO GENNA SHOT DEAD IN FRONT OF REGAL HOTEL

THEY'LL CROAK A HUNDRED TIMES FOR WHAT THEY DID TO YOU, ANGELO! THEY'RE TREMBLIN' IN THEIR BOOTS RIGHT NOW! THEY KNOW WHAT'S COMIN'!

I NEVER SEEN MIKE SO MAD!

ME NEITHER- I PITY THAT DRUCCI MOB!

NOT KNOWING WHOM HE WAS MAD AT, MIKE SHOT UP ALL ENEMY HANGOUTS FOR TWO WEEKS. HE GOT SOME SMALL FRY, BUT HE WAS STILL FUMING WITH RAGE!

CRIME

DRIVE PAST AGAIN, JOE! I DON'T THINK I GOT ANY OF 'EM!

OKAY, MIKE!

WHAT HAPPENED ON JUNE 13TH, 1925, EVEN TOOK ME BY SURPRISE! MIKE AND JOE WERE RAIDING A DRUCCI GARAGE! THEY OPENED FIRE ON EVERYBODY IN SIGHT!

CRIME

JOE, TURN HER AROUND! LET ME GET A SHOT AT THE WINDOWS!

HEY, MIKE, LOOK- THERE'S A CRATE DRIVIN' OUT- LET'S GO AFTER HIM!

MIKE'S CAR CAUGHT UP TO THE OTHER, AND GUESS WHO WAS IN IT- NOBODY BUT DRUCCI! BUT A COP'S CAR CAME ALONG JUST AS MIKE WAS LETTING DRUCCI HAVE IT!

CRIME

BLOW THEIR HEADS OFF, MIKE!

I DID! NOW STEP ON IT, JOE! A COP'S CAR IS BEHIND US!

I'LL PULL UP NEAR THE OUTSIDE CAR, SERGEANT!

HAVE YOUR GUN READY!

WHAT ARE YOU WAITIN' FOR, BATTY? GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEM BULLS GET A BEAD ON US! BATTY, ARE YOU DEAF?

HE'S DEAD!

HEY, PETE- COME UP HERE AN' TAKE THE WHEEL! I'M HURT BAD!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



THE ONE MUG I GOT A PEEP AT LOOKED LIKE MIKE GENNA! DRAW UP ALONGSIDE! WE WANT HIM DEAD—NO MATTER WHAT!

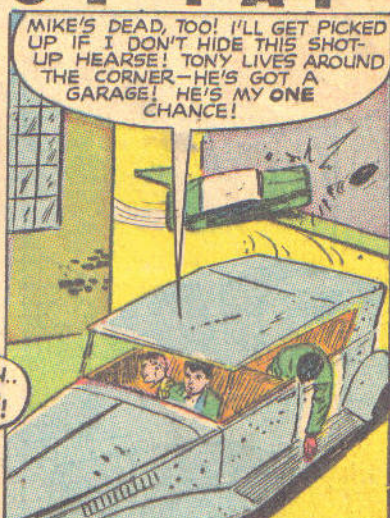
THEM BULLS ARE COMIN' UP ON OUR RIGHT! JOE—CUT 'EM OFF AN' STOP!



I GOT 'EM GOOD, MIKE! ARE YOU OKAY?

LOOK OUT! WE'RE MOUNTING THE SIDEWALK! URRGH!

OH... I'M HIT!



MIKE'S DEAD, TOO! I'LL GET PICKED UP IF I DON'T HIDE THIS SHOT-UP HEARSE! TONY LIVES AROUND THE CORNER—HE'S GOT A GARAGE! HE'S MY ONE CHANCE!



ARE YOU CRAZY? GET THAT CAR AN' THOSE STIFFS OUT OF HERE!

BUT HE'S YOUR OWN BROTHER! I'M NOT DRIVING ANYWHERE, BUT INTO YOUR GARAGE! I'M NOT FRYIN' FOR THOSE COPS YOUR BROTHER, MIKE, KILLED! GIVE ME THOSE GARAGE KEYS, TONY, OR I'LL BLOW YOUR HEART OUT!



GET OUT OF HERE, YOU PUNK! WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE TALKIN'...

ALL RIGHT—YOU BEGGED FOR IT!

HEY, TONY—JOE—WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

AAAAGH...



JUST LIKE I SAID—I ASKED THE BUM FOR THE GARAGE KEYS, BUT HE WOULDN'T GIVE 'EM TO ME! HE GOT TOUGH AN' HEAVED A FIST AT ME, SO I LET HIM HAVE IT! HE WAS ALWAYS LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE—THE STUCK-UP GUY!

TONY WAS RIGHT, NOT LETTIN' YA DITCH THAT CARLOAD OF CORPSES HERE! YOU'VE GOT SOME NERVE BRINGIN' 'EM HERE! NOW GET OUT OF HERE, JOE, AN' TAKE 'EM WITH YA!



YEAH? AN' WHO'S GONNA MAKE ME?

THIS LITTLE CONVINER—THAT'S WHO! AN' THERE'S ONLY ONE PAY-OFF FOR A BUM WHO'LL SHOOT HIS BUDDIES!



THAT VIOLENT DAY OF JUNE 13TH, 1925, MARKED THE END OF MORE THAN MIKE AND TONY GENNA! IT REGISTERED THE END OF BIG GANGS! DRUCCI RECOVERED FROM MIKE'S BULLETS—ONLY TO CHECK OUT A FEW DAYS LATER!

SMOOTS AMATUMA WAS SHOT TO DEATH IN A BARBER CHAIR A WEEK LATER!

EVEN THE OPPOSITION COLLAPSED! ARRESTED FOR AMATUMA'S DEATH, SAM DRUCCI TRIED TO ESCAPE FROM THE POLICE—FINIS, SAM DRUCCI!

A YEAR LATER, JOHN SCALISI, AL ANSELMi AND BEN GUINTA WERE TAKEN FOR A RIDE BY MOBSTERS, WHO ARE PUSHING UP DAISIES, BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY!

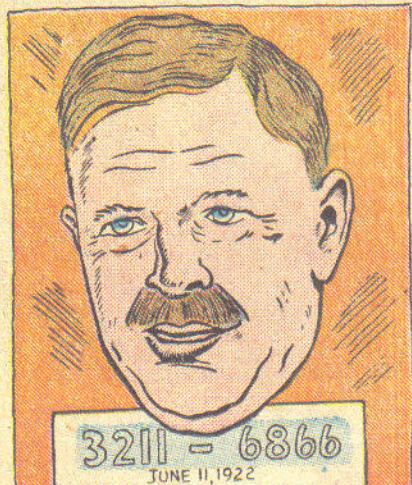


WHEN YOU GET RIGHT DOWN TO IT, THEY WERE ALL SMALL POTATOES! IT'S THE GENNA BROTHERS I'LL MISS—THEY WERE HOT STUFF WHILE THEY LASTED! I WONDER WHAT THE JINX IS THAT FOULS UP ALL OF MY PUPILS!

THE JINX THAT DESTROYS ALL CRIMINALS—CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

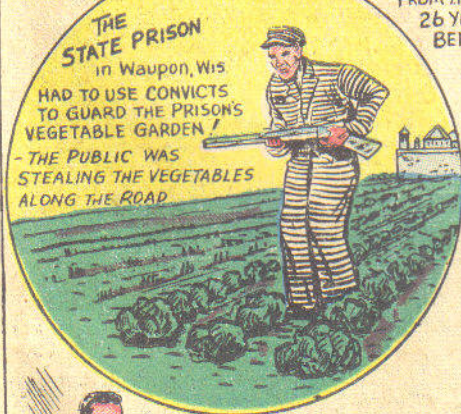
CRIME DOES NOT PAY ON THE LEVEL

by C.H. MOORE



A DETECTIVE WITH A LONG MEMORY WAS WATCHING FOR PICK-POCKETS IN PENN STATION, N.Y. WHEN HE SPOTTED A FAMILIAR LOOKING CHARACTER — HE TOOK HIM IN ON SUSPICION IN SPITE OF THE PROTESTS OF THE MAN, WHO CLAIMED HE HAD NEVER BEEN IN N.Y. BEFORE HAD NEVER BEEN ARRESTED — A CHECK OF THE RECORDS SHOWED 42 PREVIOUS ARRESTS FOR PICKING POCKETS! THE DETECTIVE

REMEMBERED HIM FROM AN ARREST 26 YEARS BEFORE!



HAD TO USE CONVICTS TO GUARD THE PRISON'S VEGETABLE GARDEN! — THE PUBLIC WAS STEALING THE VEGETABLES ALONG THE ROAD.



THE SAFEST PLACE FOR YOUR MONEY IS IN THE BANK!

A MECHANIC IN INDIANA MADE A SPECIAL LOCK FOR HIS PANTS POCKET TO PROTECT HIS WALLET FROM PICK-POCKETS

3 DAYS LATER — HE WAS HELD UP AND THE ROBBER TOOK HIS PANTS!

C.H. MOORE

THEY STEAL THE STRANGEST THINGS!

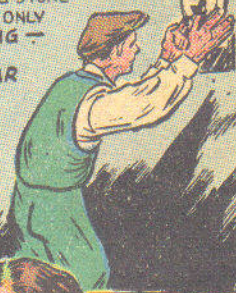
A THIEF ENTERED A STORE IN Albuquerque, New Mexico, AND STOLE 7 CASES OF FLY SPRAY! (VALUE \$28) NOTHING ELSE WAS TAKEN!



... AND ANOTHER...

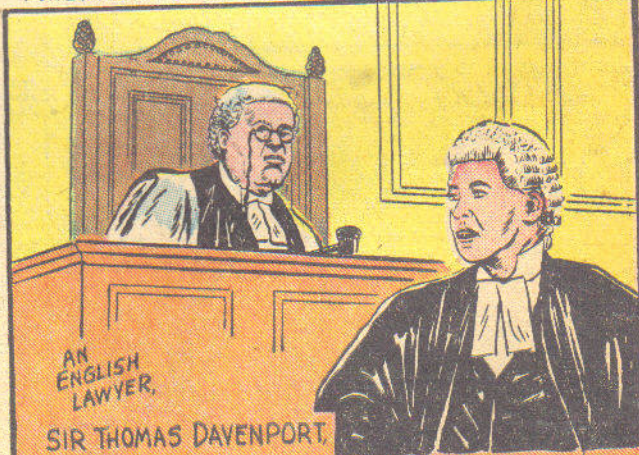
IN Los Angeles, A THIEF BROKE INTO A CLOTHING STORE AND STOLE ONLY ONE THING — THE BURGLAR ALARM!

BURGLAR ALARM



THE BRAZEN FACE OF CRIME!

A MISSOURI JUDGE TELLS OF ONE CRIMINAL WHO MURDERED HIS FATHER AND HIS MOTHER AND ASKED THE COURT FOR LENIENCY ON THE GROUNDS THAT HE WAS AN ORPHAN — NOW!



AN ENGLISH LAWYER,

SIR THOMAS DAVENPORT,

WAS FOUND TECHNICALLY GUILTY OF THE MURDER OF A LITTLE BOY — BY TALKING HIM TO DEATH!

DAVENPORT WAS MAKING A LONG, BORING SPEECH, WHICH CAUSED A BOY SITTING ON THE WINDOW SILL TO FALL ASLEEP AND PLUNGE TO HIS DEATH IN THE COURTYARD BELOW! THE LAWYER WAS MADE INDIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE AND HEAVILY FINED!

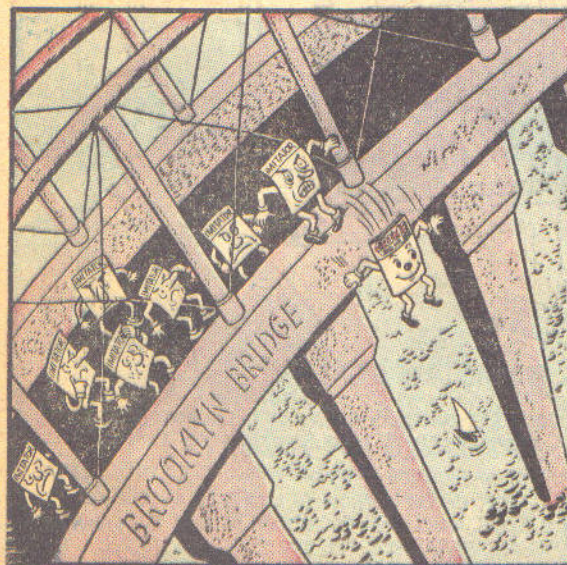
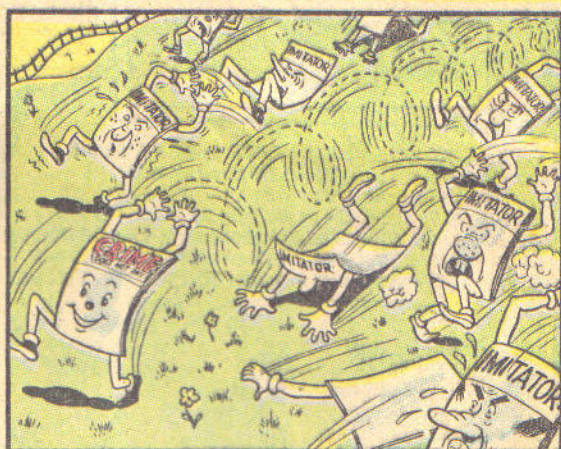
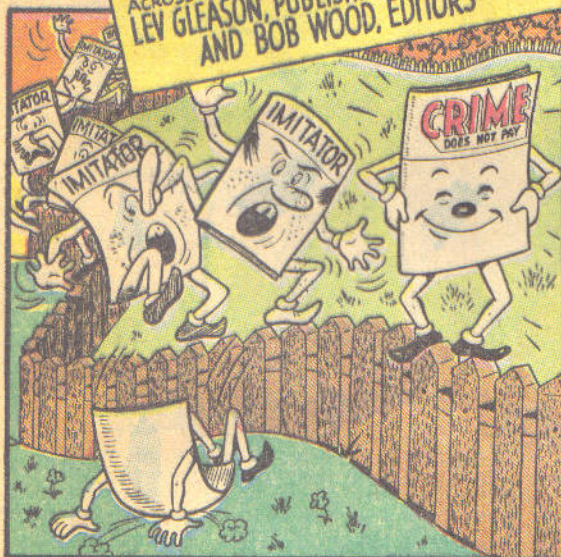
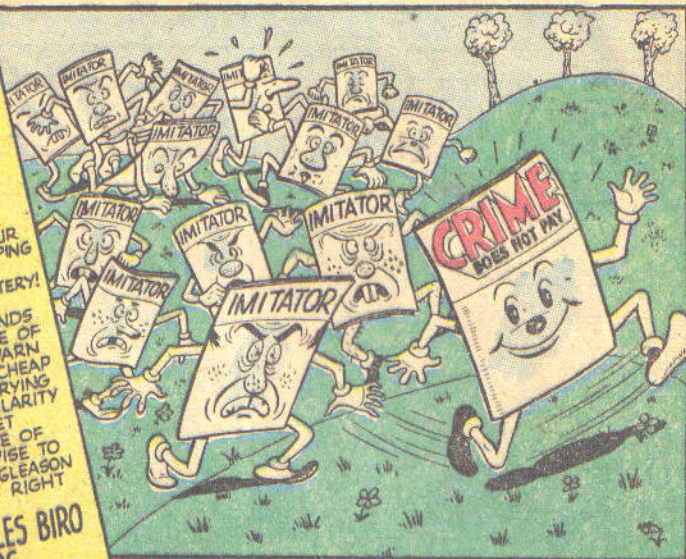
TO OUR READERS:

WARNING! BEWARE OF IMITATORS!

LEV GLEASON PUBLICATIONS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN LEADERS IN THEIR FIELD! CRIME DOES NOT PAY HAS FOR YEARS BEEN THE LEADING MAGAZINE IN COMICS! CRIME AND PUNISHMENT HAS FOUND MILLIONS OF NEW FRIENDS! BOY COMICS AND DAREDEVIL COMICS ARE AMONG THE MOST POPULAR IN AMERICA TODAY, AND OUR NEW TRUE WESTERN, DESPERADO, IS SWEEPING THE COUNTRY!

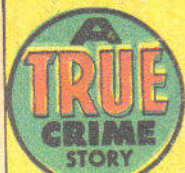
IMITATION IS THE HIGHEST FORM OF FLATTERY! EVERY TIME WE BRING OUT A NEW IDEA, IMITATORS SWARM AROUND THE NEWSSTANDS LIKE BEES AROUND HONEYSUCKLE! SOME OF THESE IMITATIONS ARE FAIR! BUT WE WARN OUR READERS AGAINST THE FLOOD OF CHEAP AND SHODDY MAGAZINES WHICH ARE TRYING TO LATCH ON TO THE ENORMOUS POPULARITY OF OUR FIVE PUBLICATIONS! DON'T GET STUCK WITH A POOR IMITATION OF ONE OF OUR COMICS! PUT YOUR FRIENDS WISE TO THE FACT THAT EVERY GENUINE LEV GLEASON PUBLICATION CARRIES THESE WORDS RIGHT ACROSS THE FRONT COVER—

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER-CHARLES BIRO
AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS



PUHLEESE DON'T CONFUSE CRIME DOES NOT PAY WITH ANY OTHER MAGAZINE—ANYWAY, WE DON'T SEE HOW YOU COULD!

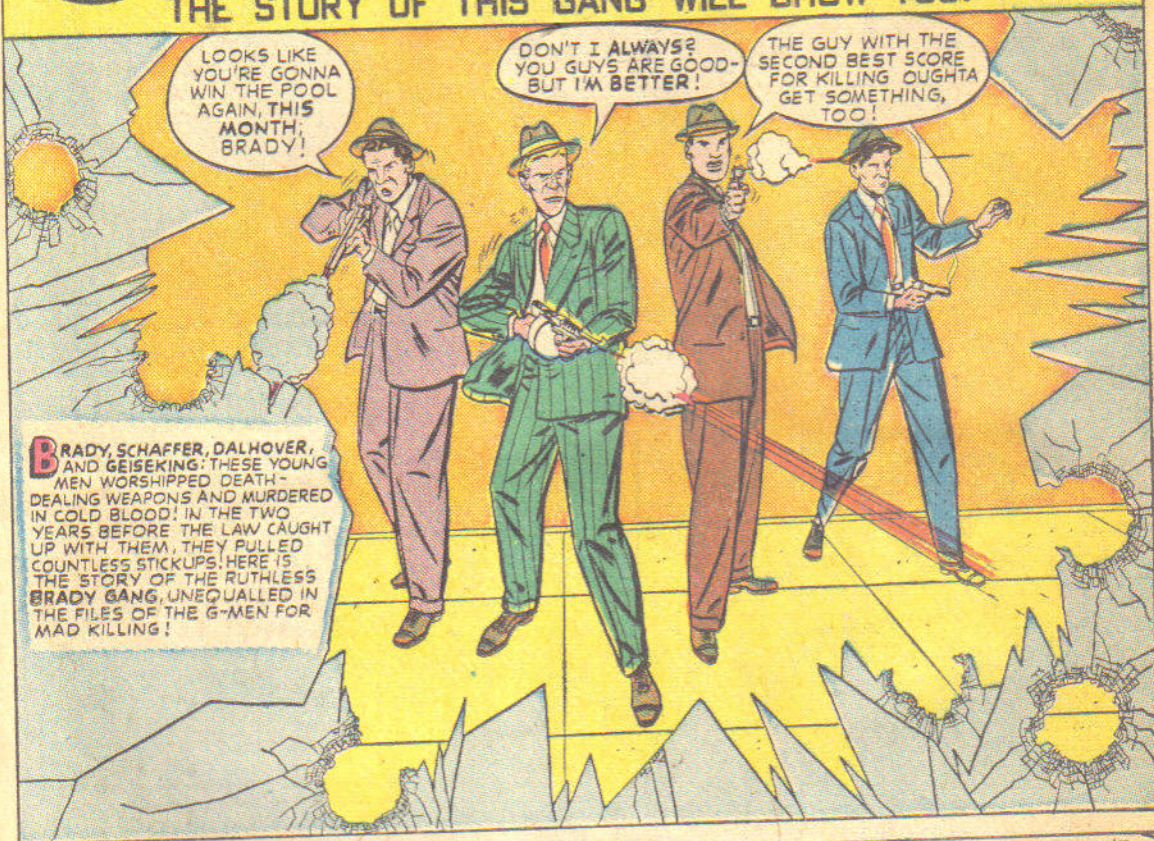
CRIME DOES NOT PAY



THE FEROCIOUS BRADY GANG

HOW RUTHLESS CAN A CRIMINAL GET?
THE STORY OF THIS GANG WILL SHOW YOU!

BRADY
SCHAFER
DALHOVER
GEISEKING
KILLED
1937



BRADY, SCHAFER, DALHOVER, AND GEISEKING: THESE YOUNG MEN WORSHIPPED DEATH- DEALING WEAPONS AND MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD! IN THE TWO YEARS BEFORE THE LAW CAUGHT UP WITH THEM, THEY PULLED COUNTLESS STICKUPS! HERE IS THE STORY OF THE RUTHLESS BRADY GANG, UNEQUALLED IN THE FILES OF THE G-MEN FOR MAD KILLING!

IT WAS LATE IN THE YEAR 1934 AND ALFRED BRADY HAD JUST SPENT AN EVENING AT HIS FAVORITE PAS- TIME... ROLLER SKATING! THERE WASN'T MUCH ELSE TO DO IN THE SMALL INDIANA TOWN!

LOOK AT THOSE CHUMPS PACKING THEIR WAY INTO THAT SARDINE CAN! THE MOVING PICTURES, MAYBE A COUPLE OF BEERS, THEN TO BED! THAT'S ALL THESE FARMERS KNOW! BUT I'VE WISED UP! I AIN'T WORKIN' FOR CHICKEN FEED, WHEN THERE'S BIG DOUGH LAYING AROUND WAITING FOR THE TAKIN'.. AND I'M GONNA START TAKIN', RIGHT NOW!



WHAT A PUSH OVER THIS WILL BE!

WHAT'S THE CHANCES OF GETTING A LIFT TO THE NEXT TOWN, MISTER? I MISSED THE LAST BUS OUT!

SURE THING, SON! JUST HOP IN AND WE'LL BE OFF SOON'S MY TANK'S FILLED!



HEY! HE'S STEALING YOUR CAR!

WELL, IF THAT DON'T BEAT ALL! QUICK- WHERE'S YOUR PHONE, JOE?

LISTEN TO THEM CHUMPS HOLLER JUST BECAUSE I'M BORROWING A CAR! THEY DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY THEY ARE! IF I HAD A GUN, I MIGHT'VE KILLED 'EM!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



AS SOON AS I GET TO THE CITY, I'LL SELL THIS CRATE AND GET A ROD! A GUY WOULD BE A FOOL TO PLAY THIS GAME FOR KEEPS WITHOUT ONE! COPS! DARN IT, I CAN'T TURN AROUND... I'LL HAVE TO STOP!



COME OUT OF THAT CAR WITH YOUR HANDS HIGH, AND DON'T MAKE ANY EXTRA MOVES, MISTER!

I KNOW THERE'S A DEPRESSION ON, BUT THINGS MUST BE REALLY TOUGH, WHEN GUYS START STEALING SHERIFFS' CARS!

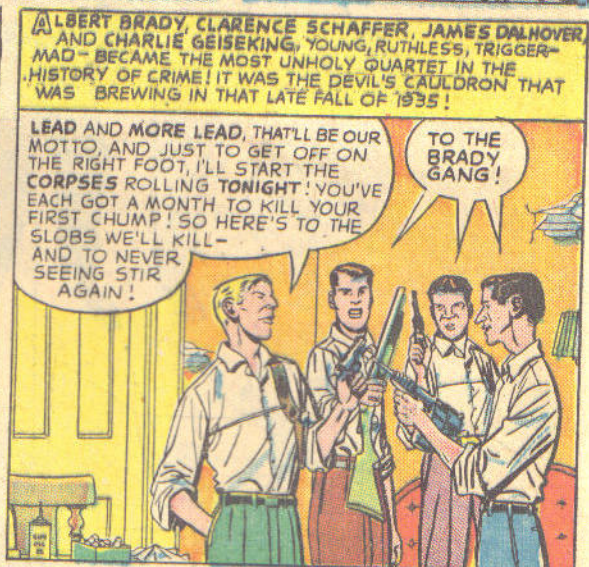


IT SERVES ME RIGHT FOR GOING OFF ON A SPREE WITHOUT A ROD! I DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE! NEXT TIME I'LL HAVE GUNS, AND I'LL BE SPITTING LEAD! NO COPPERS'LL STOP ME THEN! AT LEAST I'M SMART! I'M LEARNING!



I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THAT TOMORROW'S THE DAY WE BOTH SEE THE OTHER SIDE OF THOSE WALLS AGAIN!

YEAH, JIMMY, BUT DON'T FORGET THAT I WANNA SEE THOSE PALS OF YOURS—THE ONES THAT ARE GETTIN' ALL THE GUNS! IF THEY'LL LET ME LEAD 'EM, WE'LL MAKE THAT DILLINGER LOOK LIKE A PIKER!



ALBERT BRADY, CLARENCE SCHAFER, JAMES DALHOVER, AND CHARLIE GEISEKING, YOUNG, RUTHLESS, TRIGGER-MAD—BECAME THE MOST UNHOLY QUARTET IN THE HISTORY OF CRIME! IT WAS THE DEVIL'S CAULDRON THAT WAS BREWING IN THAT LATE FALL OF 1935!

LEAD AND MORE LEAD, THAT'LL BE OUR MOTTO, AND JUST TO GET OFF ON THE RIGHT FOOT, I'LL START THE CORPSES ROLLING TONIGHT! YOU'VE EACH GOT A MONTH TO KILL YOUR FIRST CHUMP! SO HERE'S TO THE SLOBS WE'LL KILL—AND TO NEVER SEEING STIR AGAIN!

TO THE BRADY GANG!



ILLINOIS!

INDIANA!

NUMBER ONE ON THE HIT PARADE! GET THAT, YOU GUYS?

THAT'S TO KEEP UP WITH YOU, AL!

PLEASE TAKE THE MONEY, BUT DON'T SHOOT, MISTER... PLEASE!

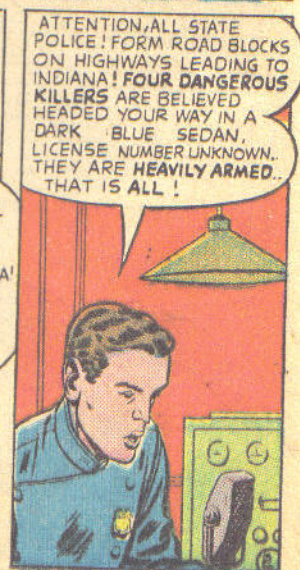
SEND THE POLICE, QUICK! SOME CRAZY GUNMAN HELD UP MY STORE AND KILLED ED LINDSAY, MY CLERK!



YOU SAY THERE WERE FOUR OF THEM? WHAT MAKE CAR WAS IT?

IT HAPPENED SO FAST, HOW CAN I BE SURE! THEY ALL HAD GUNS AND POOR EDDIE CAME OUT OF THE CELLAR CARRYING A CRATE OF EGGS! HE ONLY ASKED WHAT WAS GOING ON AND THEN THE ONE WITH THE HAWK NOSE SHOT HIM! THEY SAID IT WAS A GAME!

GAME, WAS IT? THIS HAS ALL THE MARKS OF THAT BRADY GANG THAT'S BEEN TERRORIZING ILLINOIS AND INDIANA! AND NOW THEY'RE HERE TO PLAGUE US IN OHIO! LET'S CALL IN THE STATE TROOPERS!



ATTENTION, ALL STATE POLICE! FORM ROAD BLOCKS ON HIGHWAYS LEADING TO INDIANA! FOUR DANGEROUS KILLERS ARE BELIEVED HEADED YOUR WAY IN A DARK BLUE SEDAN, LICENSE NUMBER UNKNOWN. THEY ARE HEAVILY ARMED. THAT IS ALL!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

CALLING CARS 23 AND 4-5-INVESTIGATE REPORT THAT THE BRADY GANG ROBBED A DINER ON ROUTE 16-THEY ARE THOUGHT TO BE HEADED FOR INDIANA! REPORT BACK, THAT IS ALL!

GETTING THAT RADIO WAS A SMART IDEA, AL!

WE'RE STILL IN OHIO AND THEM DUMB BULLS ARE SEARCHING ALL OVER INDIANA FOR US!

SOON'S WE GET BACK INTO TOWN, WE'LL PARK FOR THE NIGHT! IT'LL BE TOO DANGEROUS TAKING A HOTEL ROOM THIS LATE, AND BESIDES, WE'RE BETTER OFF LISTENIN' TO THE RADIO!

IT WAS AFTER MIDNIGHT WHEN OFFICER FRANK LEVY STOPPED TO INVESTIGATE THE BLUE SEDAN ON THE EDGE OF TOWN!

THIS YOUNGER GENERATION! WHEN I WAS THAT AGE WE SPENT OUR EVENINGS IN THE PARLOR, BUT THESE WILD KIDS AND THEIR NECKING! I OUGHT TO RING THEIR NECKS! AND DON'T THEY KNOW BETTER THAN TO PARK WITHOUT A TAIL-LIGHT!

HEY, WHAT ARE YOU FELLOWS DOING HERE?

KILLING COPPERS- THAT'S WHAT WE'RE DOING!

HA, HA! NOW I'M TWO UP ON THE REST OF YOU!

GET A MOVE ON, BRADY, THIS MAKES OHIO TOO HOT FOR US RIGHT NOW!

BANG!

THE GANG WENT TO NEW ORLEANS FOR A MONTH AND SPENT ITS BLOOD MONEY, THEN MADE A SLOW TRIP HOME-A TRIP MARKED BY SUDDEN DEATH AND VICIOUS CRIME!

SKIP THE JUNK ON THE LEFT- JUST MAKE SURE YOU GET EVERYTHING IN THE FIRST TWO CABINETS, AND DON'T FORGET THE DIAMONDS IN THE SAFE! IF THAT FENCE WASN'T LYING, THERE'S \$70,000 IN HOT ICE JUST WAITING FOR COOL HANDS! LET'S GO!

I'LL CRUISE AROUND THE BLOCK... THAT'LL GIVE YOU THREE MINUTES, AL!

REACH! THE FIRST ONE THAT MOVES WITHOUT OUR TELLIN' HIM TO, GETS MOWED DOWN!

ONE OF YOU START PULLING OUT THEM DIAMONDS, AND ANOTHER ONE WILL OPEN THE SAFE!

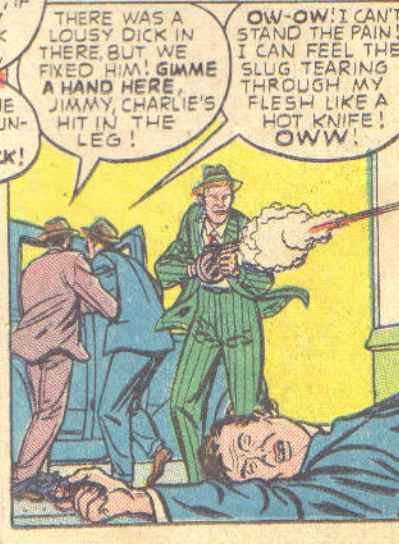
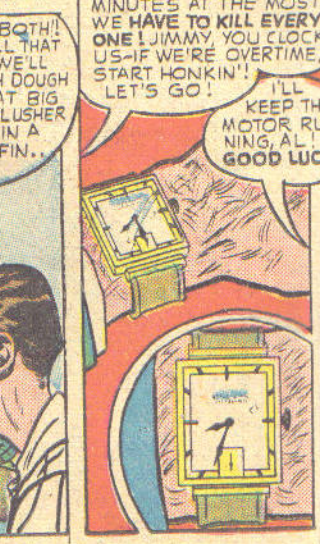
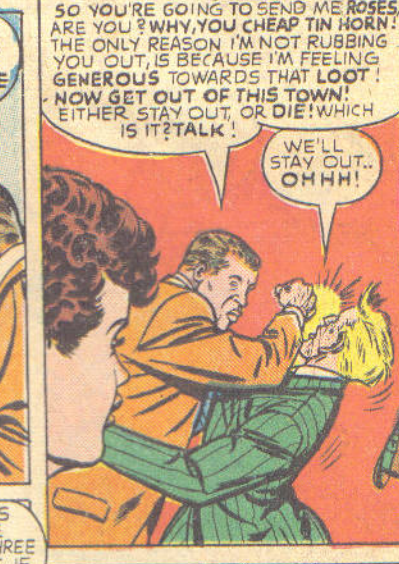
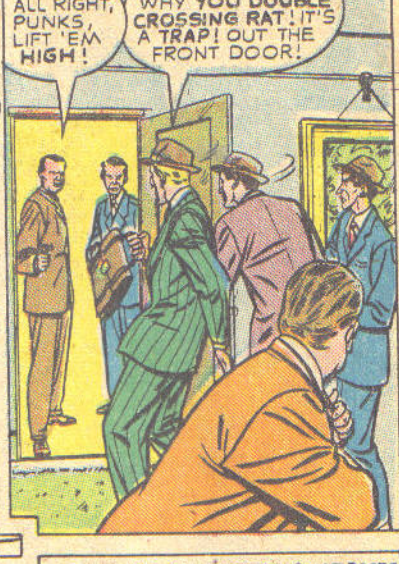
YOU HEARD HIM, BALDY! THROW OPEN THAT SAFE!

THAT WASN'T FAST ENOUGH! YOU'RE NEXT, FOUR EYES, AND YOU'VE GOT 10 SECONDS! MOVE!

BANG!

GIVE OUR LOVE TO THE DAYTON POLICE- AND TELL THEM TO STICK TO LOOKIN' UP TWO-BIT PUNKS! THIS IS JUST SO YOU WON'T FORGET US! WE LIKE TO BE REMEMBERED!

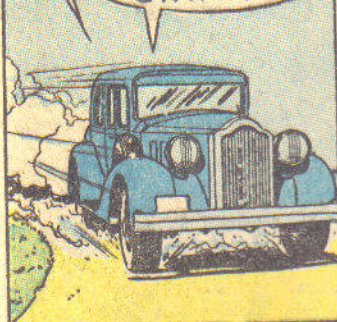
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CRIME DOES NOT PAY

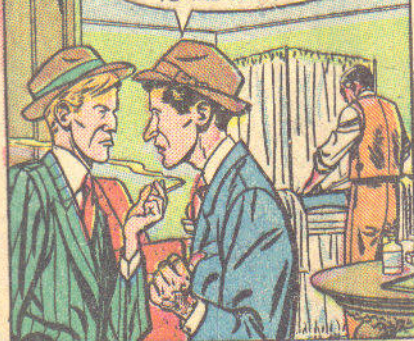
WE'LL STOP AT THE FIRST DOC WE COME TO, AND GET YOU PATCHED UP! DID YA SEE ME CUT THAT BULL IN HALF? HE WON'T BE PLUGGIN' ANY MORE OF BRADY'S GANG!

HURRY, WILL YOU... I CAN'T STAND THIS PAIN MUCH LONGER... OWWW!



KEEP AN EYE OUT THE WINDOW, BUT DON'T LET THE DOC CATCH YOU AT IT! I DON'T KNOW YET WHETHER WE CAN TRUST HIM!

OKAY, BUT HAND HIM SOME GOOD STORY ABOUT HOW CHARLIE GOT PLUGGED! WE CAN'T RISK HAVING HIM REPORT THIS TO THE COPS!



...AN THEN HER HUSBAND CAME HOME! YOU KNOW HOW HOT-HEADED SOME GUYS CAN BE! HE'D HAVE KILLED CHARLIE IF HIS AIM HAD BEEN BETTER! SO YOU CAN SEE, DOC, WHY WE CAN'T STAND TO HAVE ANY PUBLICITY! IT WOULD RUIN HIM IN BUSINESS... HE'D BE LAUGHED RIGHT OF TOWN! YOU UNDERSTAND!

SO, THAT'S HOW IT WAS! WELL, HE WON'T BE MUCH OF A LADIES' MAN FOR A FEW WEEKS, TILL THIS HOLE HEALS UP! I'LL HAVE TO RUN UP TO THE HOUSE FOR A SPLINT AND SOME MORE BANDAGES! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!



I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER THEY'LL WAIT FOR ME, SO HURRY, WILL YOU?

TOM, CALL OUT THE RIOT SQUAD! THAT WAS DR. GREENE, OUT ON LAKE-SIDE ROAD! HE SAYS 4 STRANGERS DROPPED IN TO HAVE A BULLET WOUND PATCHED UP! THEY GAVE HIM A COCK AND BULL STORY, BUT HE THINKS THEY MIGHT BE THE BRADY GANG THAT SHOT UP THAT JEWELRY STORE OVER IN LIMA, THIS EVENING!

IF IT'S THOSE GUN CRAZY GUYS, WE'D BETTER BRING ALL THE ARTILLERY IN THE STATION!



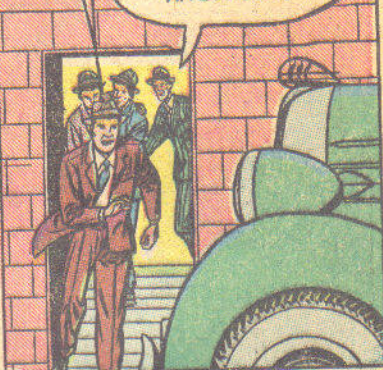
TAKE A SQUINT OUTSIDE, BRADY! I TOLD YA YOU SHOULDN'T'VE LET THAT PILLPUSHER OUTTA HERE ALONE! HE SQUEALED TO THE COPS! THEY'VE GOT OUR CAR COVERED SO WE CAN'T GET TO IT!

STANDIN' HERE BEEFIN' AIN'T HELPIN' MATTERS ANY! WE'LL TRY MAKING A BREAK THROUGH THE CELLAR! THE DOC MUST HAVE A CAR SOMEWHERE, IT WASN'T OUT FRONT!



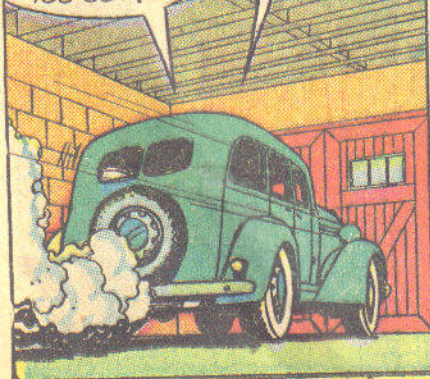
HOT DANG! AN ATTACHED GARAGE! YOU WERE RIGHT, AL, THERE'S THE 'DOC'S CAR JUST RARIN' TO GO!

I WISH WE HAD THAT CROAKER HERE—WE COULD TIE HIM ON TO THE RADIATOR AND THE COPS WOULDN'T BE SO ANXIOUS TO SHOOT US! IF WE HADN'T LEFT THE TOMMIES IN THE CAR, WE COULD SHOWER THEM BULLS WITH OUR AFFECTIONS!



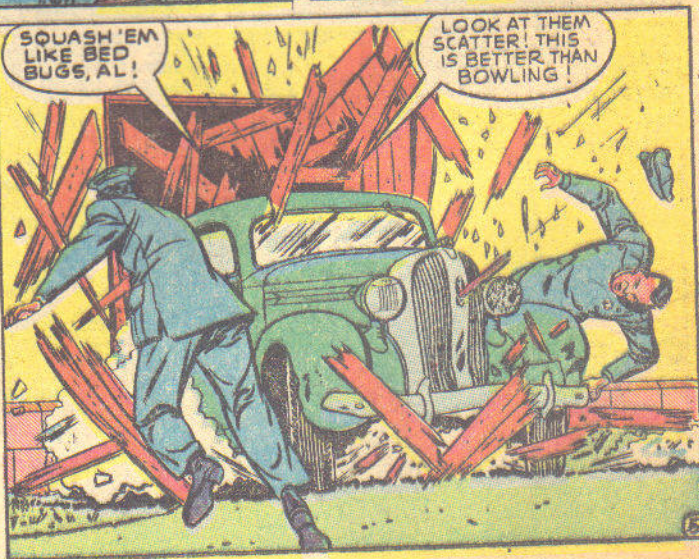
WE STILL GOT RODS, AN' THAT'S ALL WE NEED! KEEP LOW 'TIL WE RAM THROUGH THE DOORS... THEN OPEN UP WITH EVERYTHING YOU GOT!

THAT'S THE STUFF, AL! SURPRISE 'EM AT THEIR OWN GAME! MY FINGERS ARE ITCHING ALREADY!



SQUASH 'EM LIKE BED BUGS, AL!

LOOK AT THEM SCATTER! THIS IS BETTER THAN BOWLING!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



YOU'RE ONE UP ON ME! I ONLY GOT TWO! TOO BAD YOU HAVE TO DRIVE AN' MISS ALL THE FUN, AL!

NOW THAT WE'RE OUTTA THAT JAM, WE'LL HEAD BACK DOWN TO NEW-ORLEANS AND LAY LOW! SOON'S THE HEATS OFF AND WE GET SOME NEW TOMMY-GUNS, WE'LL COME BACK UP AND GET THAT BLACK LIVERED FENCE!

NOW YOU'RE TALKING! I JUST HEARD FROM THAT RED-HEAD OF MINE, AND SHE'S GETTING IMPATIENT FOR THAT MAN OF HERS—MEANING ME!

YOU KNOW, THAT DOC WASN'T SUCH A BAD EGG AT THAT! HE TREATED MY LEG BEFORE HE CALLED THE COPS! IT FEELS ALL RIGHT NOW!

YOU MADE A BAD MISTAKE! THOSE BRADY BOYS ARE KILLERS AND THEY'RE OUT TO GET YOU! YOU GOT UNTIL THEY GET TIRED OF NEW ORLEANS TO LIVE LOH, BROTHER, I WOULDN'T BE IN YOUR SHOES FOR NOTHING!

I DIDN'T KNOW THAT THEY WERE THE BRADY GANG! THEY'LL KILL ME! BRADY SWORE HE'D FIND ME NO MATTER WHERE I GO—BUT HE COULDN'T TOUCH ME—IF THE COPPERS GOT HIM FIRST!

YEAH, CAPTAIN... THE WHOLE MOB IS HOLED UP IN A HOTEL IN NEW ORLEANS! THEY WON'T BE EXPECTING ANY RAIDS SO IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD!

THE TIP BROUGHT THE NEW ORLEANS POLICE ON THE DOUBLE AND BRADY, SHAFFER AND DALHOVER WERE CAPTURED WITHOUT A CHANCE TO USE THEIR GUNS! THEN THEY WERE RETURNED TO INDIANAPOLIS TO AWAIT TRIAL FOR A MURDER RAP!

DON'T LOSE YOUR NERVE! JUST JUMP THE OLD GOAT WHEN I DO, AND DON'T LET HIM MAKE A SOUND! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

YOU'RE WANTED OUT FRONT AGAIN! THE D.A.'S GOT SOME QUESTIONS TO ASK... PROBABLY WANTS TO KNOW HOW YOU LIKE THE CHOW!



COME ON, STEP LIVELY! WE HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY!

NEITHER HAVE WE, GRANDPA! NEXT TIME IT'LL BE A BULLET THROUGH YOUR THICK SKULL!

GRAB HIS GUN AND HURRY!

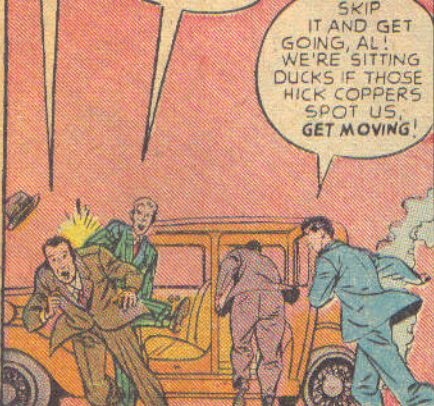
OH!!!



BUT THAT'S MY CAR! HELP!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? THIS CHUMP GETS OFF EASY AND HE SQUAWKS! THAT'S WHAT YA GET WHEN YA TREAT A SUCKER NICE!

SKIP IT AND GET GOING, AL! WE'RE SITTING DUCKS IF THOSE HICK COPPERS SPOT US, GET MOVING!



I'VE BEEN THINKIN'! FROM NOW ON WE START TAKING ON BANKS. NOT BIG ONES, THEY'RE TOO WELL GUARDED—WE'LL KNOCK OFF THE SMALL ONES! IT WON'T BE AS MUCH MONEY, BUT IT'LL BE EASIER WORK!

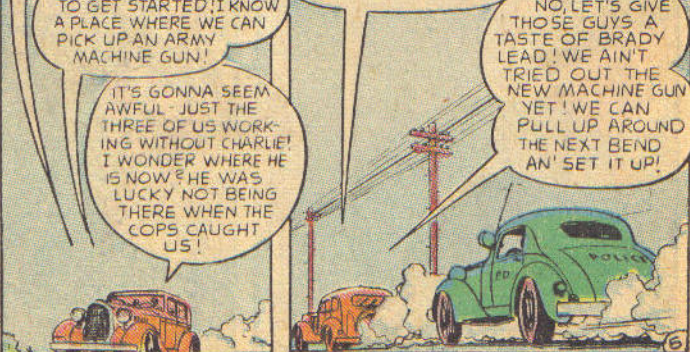
SWELL BY ME! I'M ITCHING TO GET STARTED! I KNOW A PLACE WHERE WE CAN PICK UP AN ARMY MACHINE GUN!

IT'S GONNA SEEM AWFUL—JUST THE THREE OF US WORKING WITHOUT CHARLIE! I WONDER WHERE HE IS NOW? HE WAS LUCKY NOT BEING THERE WHEN THE COPS CAUGHT US!

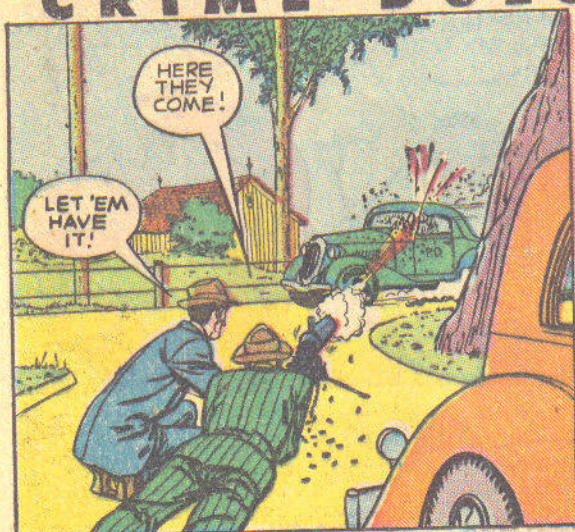
BACK IN BUSINESS AGAIN, THE GUN-CRAZY GANG HEADED BACK WEST—THEIR FIRST PORT OF CALL WAS BACK IN GOODLAND, INDIANA!

DID I SAY IT WOULDN'T PAY AS WELL? FORTY GRAND AND NOT A SCRATCH! STEP ON IT, JIMMY! SHOW THOSE DUMB COPPERS WHAT A SOUPED UP HEAP CAN DO!

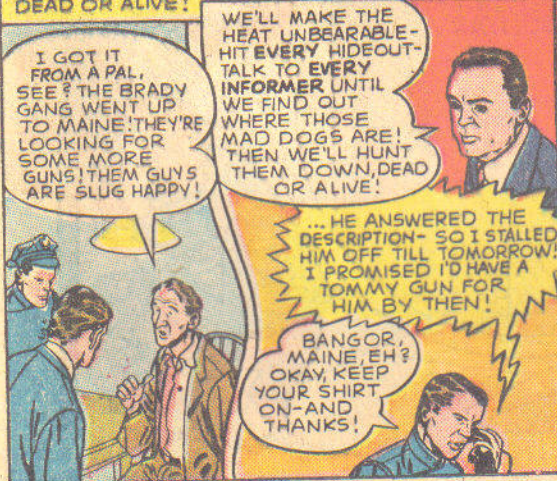
NO, LET'S GIVE THOSE GUYS A TASTE OF BRADY LEAD! WE AIN'T TRIED OUT THE NEW MACHINE GUN YET! WE CAN PULL UP AROUND THE NEXT BEND AN' SET IT UP!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



POLICE AND F.B.I. RESPONSE TO THE COLD BLOODED SLAYINGS WAS IMMEDIATE AND INTENSE! THROUGHOUT SIX STATES THE VIGIL WAS UNCEASING-EVERY EFFORT WAS MADE TO TURN IN THE BRADY GANG... DEAD OR ALIVE!



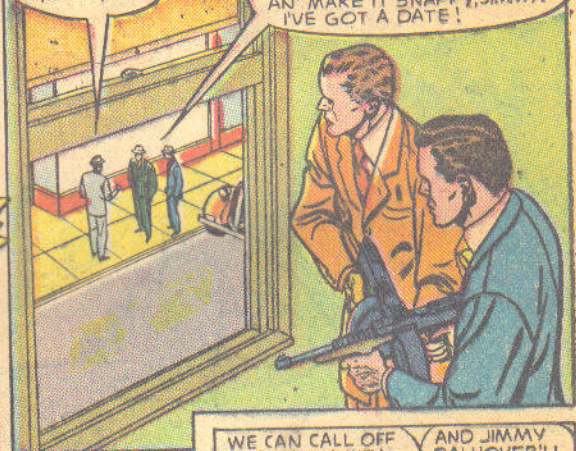
WE'LL MAKE THE HEAT UNBEARABLE-HIT EVERY HIDEOUT-TALK TO EVERY INFORMER UNTIL WE FIND OUT WHERE THOSE MAD DOGS ARE! THEN WE'LL HUNT THEM DOWN, DEAD OR ALIVE!

...HE ANSWERED THE DESCRIPTION- SO I STALLED HIM OFF TILL TOMORROW! I PROMISED I'D HAVE A TOMMY GUN FOR HIM BY THEN!

BANGOR, MAINE, EH? OKAY, KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON-AND THANKS!

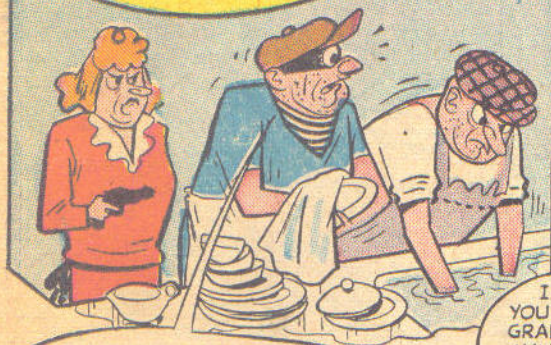
OKAY, I'M GOING IN...COVER ME JUST IN CASE! SOMEHOW I GOT THE FEELING THAT SOMETHING'S UP.. THINGS ARE TOO QUIET, AL!

YOU'RE JUST JITTERY 'CAUSE YOU READ THEY GOT CHARLIE! WHAT COULD GO WRONG HERE? NO ONE KNOWS WE'RE WITHIN A THOUSAND MILES OF MAINE! G'WAN AN' MAKE IT SNAPPY, JIMMY! I'VE GOT A DATE!



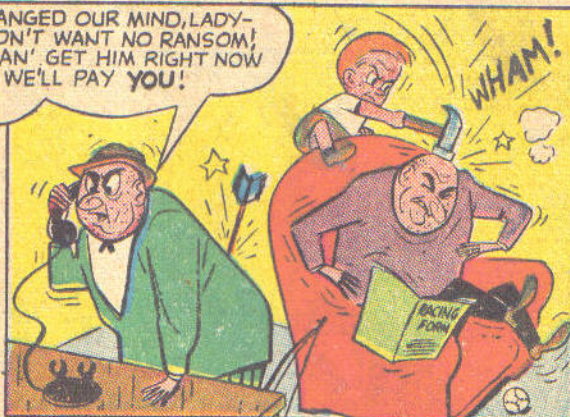
CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

Don't Die Laughing!

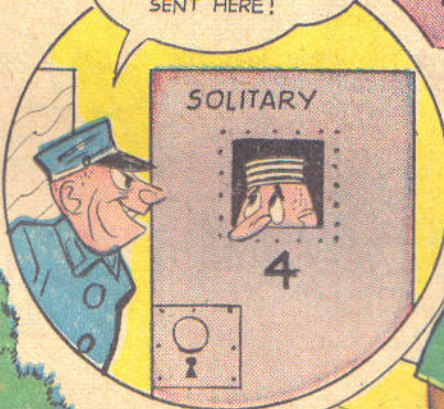


I DON'T MIND BEIN' CAUGHT, ED, BUT THIS IS DOWNRIGHT HOOMILIATIN'!

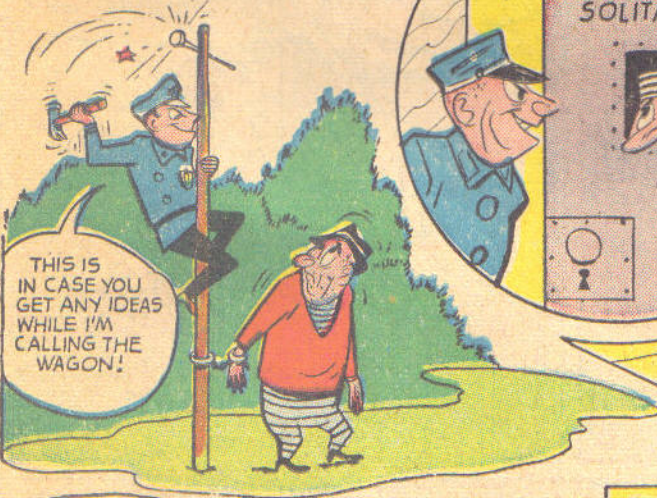
WE CHANGED OUR MIND, LADY- WE DON'T WANT NO RANSOM! COME AN' GET HIM RIGHT NOW AND WE'LL PAY YOU!



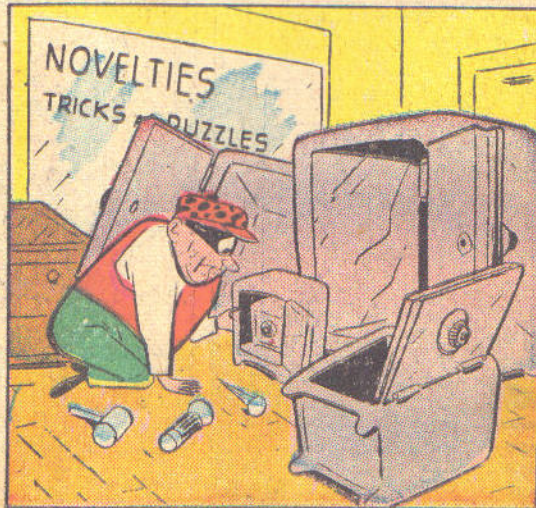
I DON'T CARE IF YOU WERE A PHOTOGRAPHER, YOU CAN'T HAVE YOUR DARK ROOM EQUIPMENT SENT HERE!



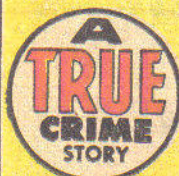
MUSHFACE IS SORE AS A BOIL! WHILE HE WAS COUNTING HIS LOOT- SOMEBODY STOLE HIS TOOLS!



ANYTHING IN THERE WORTH TAKIN', FISH-HEAD?

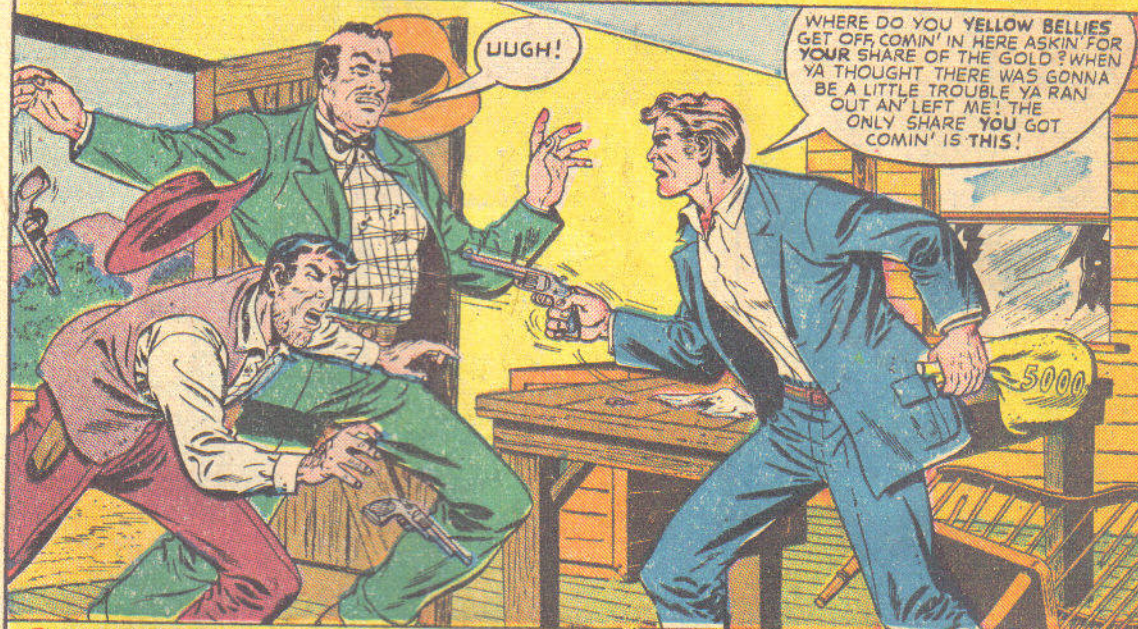


CRIME DOES NOT PAY



DICK RICHARDS

A TWO-LEGGED RAT IF THERE EVER WAS ONE!



DICK RICHARDS, BETTER KNOWN AS THE NEBRASKA FIEND, WAS BORN IN THE EAST, IN 1856! HE RAN AWAY FROM HOME AT THE AGE OF 12 AND DRIFTED WESTWARD TO ADVENTURE AND CRIME! HE WORKED ON FARMS NEAR OMAHA, NEBRASKA, AND AT 20 BECAME AN ATTENDANT IN AN INSANE ASYLUM! RICHARDS WAS SO CYNICAL AND DEPRAVED, MANY DOUBTED HIS SANITY! HE SCOFFED AT EVERYTHING DECENT AND WANTONLY MURDERED CHILDREN, AS WELL AS GROWNUPS, WHO STOOD IN HIS WAY! HIS CRIMINAL CAREER ENDED ABRUPTLY ON APRIL 26, 1879, ON THE GALLOWS AT MINDEN, NEBRASKA, WHEN HE WAS ONLY 23 YEARS OLD!



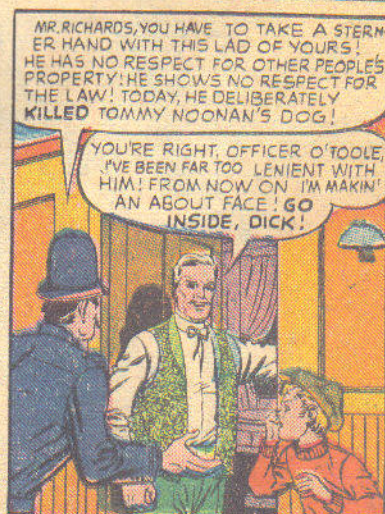
I SAW YOU HIT POOR TOMMY'S DOG WITH THAT ROCK! JUST WAIT'LL I LAY ME HANDS ON YOU!

YAAA...BRASS BUTTONS CAN'T CATCH A NANNY GOAT!



NOW I GOT YOU, DICKIE, ME LAD! COME ALONG WITH ME! I'M TAKIN' YOU HOME TO YOUR FATHER, SO HE CAN WHIP THE TAR OUTTA YOU! AND IF HE DON'T DO IT, I WILL!

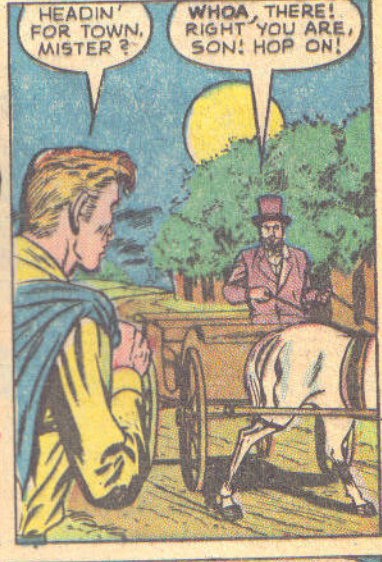
LET ME GO...YOU STINKIN' COPPER! I AIN'T GOIN' NO-WHERE WITH YA! LET ME GO!



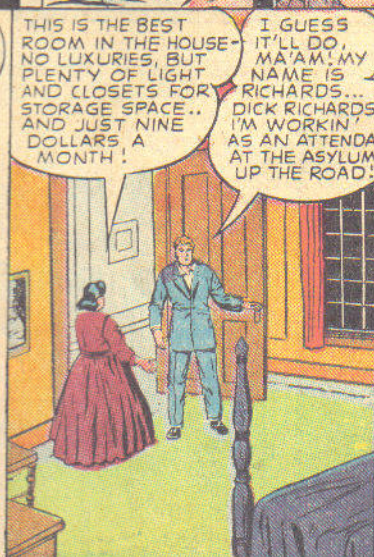
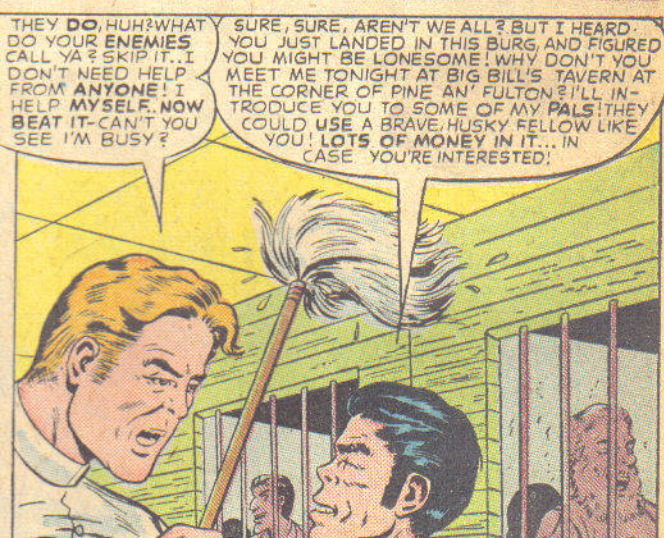
MR. RICHARDS, YOU HAVE TO TAKE A STERNER HAND WITH THIS LAD OF YOURS! HE HAS NO RESPECT FOR OTHER PEOPLE'S PROPERTY! HE SHOWS NO RESPECT FOR THE LAW! TODAY, HE DELIBERATELY KILLED TOMMY NOONAN'S DOG!

YOU'RE RIGHT, OFFICER O'TOOLE, I'VE BEEN FAR TOO LENIENT WITH HIM! FROM NOW ON I'M MAKIN' AN ABOUT FACE! GO INSIDE, DICK!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



AH, THERE YOU ARE, RICHARDS! C'MON OVER AND MEET MARTY AND JOE!

PLEASD TO MEET YOU, FELLAHS!

LIKewise! PUT IT THERE, KID!

MARTY AN' JOE MAKE A FAIR LIVING AT RUSTLING! EXCUSE US A SECOND, DICK!

B-Z-Z-Z- AGREED!

SURE, WE'LL TAKE HIM IN WITH US, IF YOU SAY SO! WE'LL MAKE HIM AN EQUAL PARTNER! WE SPLIT FOUR WAYS, BUT HE'S GOT TO HELP WITH THE RUSTLIN' HOW'S THAT FOR A SQUARE DEAL, KID?

NOT BAD: I'LL ADMIT, BUT I GOT SOMETHIN' BIGGER AN' A LOT EASIER THAN RUSTLIN' IN MY NOGGIN!

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO PAYIN' A VISIT TO A RICH FARMER, WHO'S GOT LOADS OF GOLD STORED AWAY? I KNOW WHERE HE KEEPS IT, 'CAUSE I USED TO WORK FOR THE MISER! IT SHOULD BE EASY TO TAKE AS APPLE PIE!

HOLY SMOKE! THAT'D MAKE US RICH OVERNIGHT!

I TOLD YOU THE BOY HAS TALENT.. HE, HE!



GET FOUR FAST HORSES AND WE'LL MEET TOMORROW AT MIDNIGHT AT THE EDGE OF TOWN. I KNOW OF AN OLD HAUNTED SHACK, NEAR DEVILS CREEK-WE CAN USE IT AS A HIDEOUT, JUST IN CASE SOMETHING GOES WRONG! FROM THERE WE'LL RIDE OVER TO LANGLEY'S FARM! ALL YOU GUYS GOTTA DO IS STAND GUARD WHILE I SNEAK IN AND GET THE GOLD!

THERE'S JUST **ONE** CHANGE IN YOUR PLANS, DICK! THERE WILL BE JUST THE **THREE** OF YOU-I'M NOT GOING ALONG! PERHAPS I SHOULD LET YOU IN ON A LITTLE SECRET! I'M THE **BOSS** OF THIS OUTFIT! THE JOB AT THE ASYLUM.. HE, HE.. IS JUST A FRONT! CLEVER, EH?

HERE! HAVE SOME OF THIS, ROVER! THIS'LL KEEP YOU QUIET... POISONED MEAT ALWAYS DOES!



I HOPE NO ONE WAKES UP BEFORE I CAN GET INTO THE OLD MAN'S ROOM AND OPEN THE SECRET PANEL!

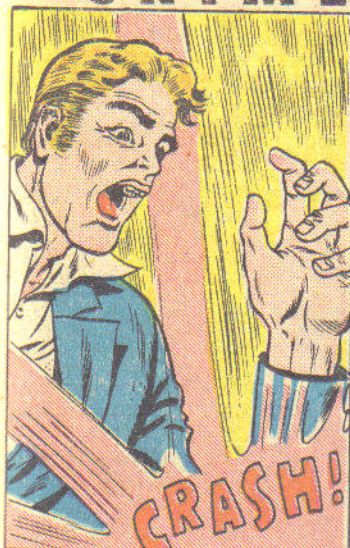


SO FAR, SO GOOD! THE OLD SKIN-FLINT IS SLEEPIN' LIKE A LOG! JUST LISTEN TO HIM SNORE! I FEEL LIKE JACK-IN- THE BEANSTALK, WHEN HE STOLE THE HEN THAT LAYED THE GOLDEN EGGS RIGHT FROM UNDER THE GIANT'S NOSE!



GEE, THE DARN THING IS HEAVIER THAN I THOUGHT- AND IT'S SO CLUMSY I CAN'T GET A GRIP ON IT! **OOOPS!**

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



W-WHAT IN TARNATION WAS THAT? WHY, IT'S RICHARDS! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS? WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY BEDROOM? ANSWER ME?



SO YOU RECOGNIZE ME, DO YOU? I CAME FOR YOUR GOLD, YOU DIRTY, OLD MISER! AND I'M LEAVIN' YOU SOMETHING THAT'LL SHUT YOU UP FOR GOOD!



TOO BAD YOU'RE SUCH A LIGHT SLEEPER, MA'AM!

EEIII!



I WON'T BOTHER WITH THE STAIRS... I'LL DUCK OUT THIS WAY-IT'LL BE QUICKER!



STOP, THIEF, HELP!

ALL RIGHT, YOU'RE BEGGING FOR IT, SCUM! HERE'S YOURS!



WHY THOSE TWO-BIT RUSTLERS MUST'VE RUN OFF LIKE SCARED RABBITS WHEN THE SHOOTIN' STARTED! THE COWARDS... NO MORE PARTNERS FOR ME! WHAT GOOD ARE THEY IF YA CAN'T DEPEND ON 'EM?

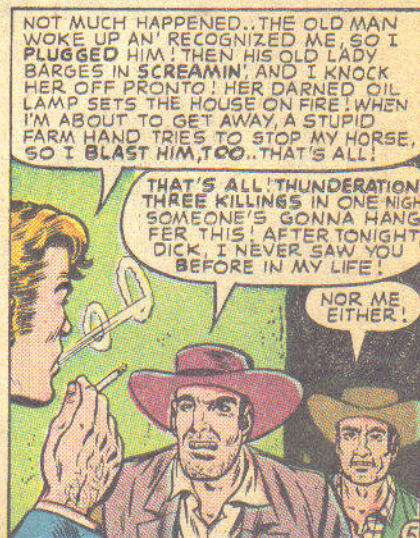


HA, HA! GOLD-BRIGHT, SHINY GOLD! THERE MUST BE EASILY \$5,000 HERE! AT THIS RATE, I RECKON I'LL BE GETTIN' RICH MIGHTY SOON! HA, HA!



WELL, WELL... SO YOU CAME OUT OF YOUR HOLE! WHAT'S THE MATTER... AFRAID OF FIREWORKS? ONE WOULDN'T THINK SO BY THE LOOKS OF YOU! HA, HA!

QUIT YER JOKIN'-THIS IS NO TIME TO TRY BEING A COMEDIAN! TELL US WHAT HAPPENED!

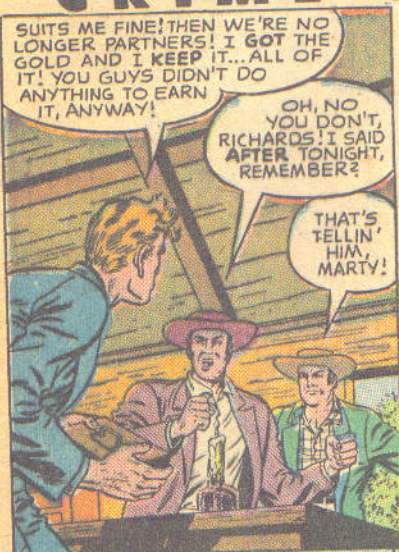


NOT MUCH HAPPENED...THE OLD MAN WOKE UP AN' RECOGNIZED ME, SO I PLUGGED HIM! THEN HIS OLD LADY BARGES IN SCREAMIN' AND I KNOCK HER OFF PRONTO! HER DARNED OIL LAMP SETS THE HOUSE ON FIRE! WHEN I'M ABOUT TO GET AWAY, A STUPID FARM HAND TRIES TO STOP MY HORSE, SO I BLAST HIM, TOO...THAT'S ALL!

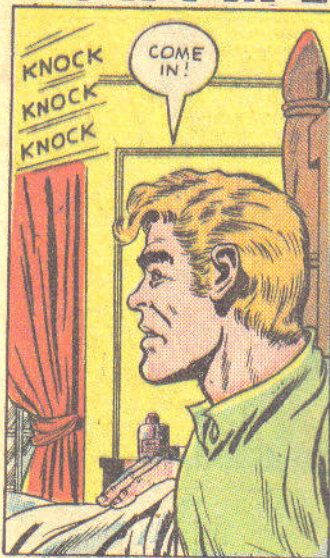
THAT'S ALL! THUNDERATION! THREE KILLINGS IN ONE NIGHT! SOMEONE'S GONNA HANG FER THIS! AFTER TONIGHT, DICK, I NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE IN MY LIFE!

NOR ME EITHER!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK

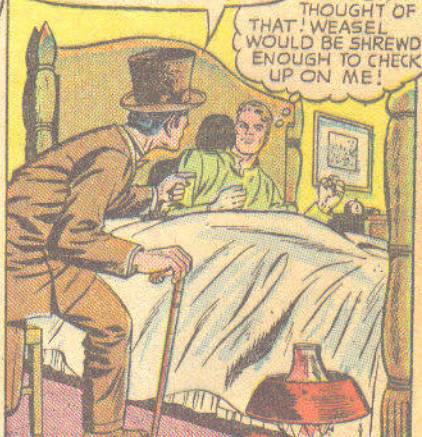
COME
IN!

HOWDY, RICHARDS! I SEE
BY THE PAPERS YOU' HAD
QUITE A TIME FOR YOUR-
SELF LAST NIGHT! BUT
THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT-
WHAT'S IMPORTANT IS
THE GOLD! WHERE
IS IT?



WHY DON'T
YOU ASK
MARTY AN'
JOE? I DIDN'T
GO LAST NIGHT,
WEASEL, I
COULDN'T.. I
WAS SICK IN
BED ALL
NIGHT!

OH, NO YOU WEREN'T, RICHARDS! I
DROPPED AROUND AFTER YOU LEFT,
AND THERE WAS NO ONE HERE! I
EVEN WAITED AWHILE.. WHAT
HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY TO
THAT..MY FRIEND?



OH, OH!
I HADN'T
THOUGHT OF
THAT! WEASEL
WOULD BE SHREWD
ENOUGH TO CHECK
UP ON ME!



ALL
RIGHT!
YOU WIN!
ANYONE
SEE YOU
COME IN,
WEASEL?

NO, I THOUGHT IT SAFER
FOR ALL CONCERNED TO
SLIP IN WHEN THERE WAS
NO ONE AROUND! ONE CAN
NEVER BE TOO CAUTIOUS,
ESPECIALLY UNDER THE
PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES..
IF YOU KNOW WHAT
I MEAN!



I BELIEVE IN BEING
CAREFUL, TOO, WEASEL!
THAT'S WHY YOU'RE
JOINING YOUR PALS,
MARTY AND JOE!

RICHARDS,
YOU CRAZY..
UGHHH!



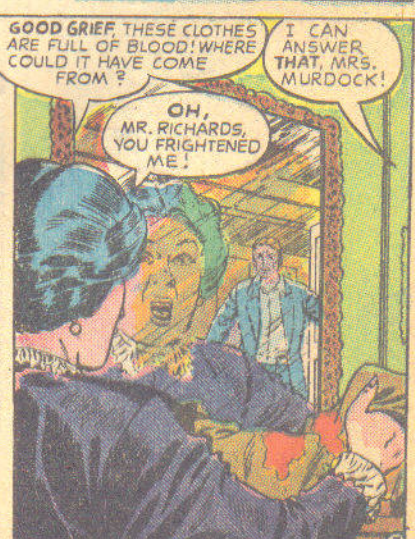
THIS CLOSET IS THE ONLY PLACE I
CAN OFFER YOU, WEASEL! YOU
WANTED TO BE CLOSE TO THE GOLD!
NOW YOU'RE RIGHT ON TOP OF IT..
ONLY YOU DON'T SEEM TO CARE
ANYMORE! BEFORE THE DAWN,
I'LL TAKE YOU OUT TO DEVIL'S
CREEK AND DIG A NICE, BIG HOLE
FOR YA! THAT'S MORE THAN
MARTY AND JOE GOT!



DARN IT! DAYBREAK
ALREADY! SORRY TO
BREAK MY PROMISE,
WEASEL, BUT IT'S TOO
LATE TO DIG A HOLE
NOW, MY BOY! YOU'LL
JUST HAVE TO BE
SATISFIED WITH
THIS CREEK!



I GUESS MR RICHARDS LEFT
EARLY FOR WORK THIS MORNING!
I DIDN'T HEAR HIM GO OUT! I'M
GLAD-IT GIVES ME A CHANCE TO
PUT HIS ROOM IN ORDER BEFORE
I START MY WASH! I'LL LOOK IN
HIS CLOSET AN' SEE IF HE HAS
ANY SOILED SHIRTS! I'LL
LAUNDER THEM AS A
SURPRISE!



GOOD GRIEF, THESE CLOTHES
ARE FULL OF BLOOD! WHERE
COULD IT HAVE COME
FROM?

I CAN
ANSWER
THAT, MRS.
MURDOCK!

OH,
MR. RICHARDS,
YOU FRIGHTENED
ME!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



GOOD GRACIOUS, MR. RICHARDS, WHY DO YOU STARE AT ME LIKE THAT? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

KILL YOU... LIKE ALL THE REST! THERE'S NOT MUCH ELSE I CAN DO! YOU'VE SEEN TOO MUCH!



GASP? KILL ME... NO, NO, DON'T KILL ME... I WON'T TELL A SOUL, SO HELP ME! IF YOU'LL ONLY LET ME GO!

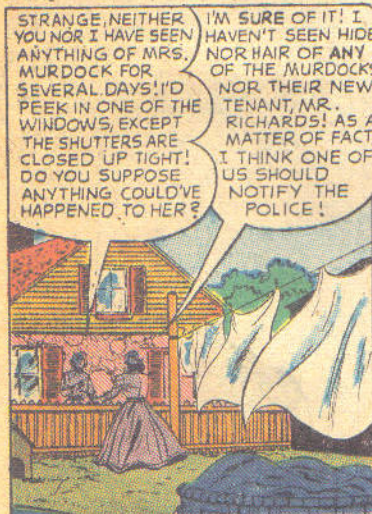
MAUDE, MAUDE! WHERE ARE YOU!

ALL RIGHT, GO... BUT REMEMBER—THE MINUTE YOU OPEN YOUR YAP TO ANYONE ABOUT ME, YOU'RE AS GOOD AS DEAD!

I'LL GET HER TONIGHT WHEN SHE'S FAST ASLEEP!



[LATE THAT NIGHT...]



STRANGE, NEITHER YOU NOR I HAVE SEEN ANYTHING OF MRS. MURDOCK FOR SEVERAL DAYS! I'D PEEK IN ONE OF THE WINDOWS, EXCEPT THE SHUTTERS ARE CLOSED UP TIGHT! DO YOU SUPPOSE ANYTHING COULD'VE HAPPENED TO HER?

I'M SURE OF IT! I HAVEN'T SEEN HIDE NOR HAIR OF ANY OF THE MURDOCKS, NOR THEIR NEW TENANT, MR. RICHARDS! AS A MATTER OF FACT, I THINK ONE OF US SHOULD NOTIFY THE POLICE!



GREAT SCOTT! A MASSACRE! THE WHOLE FAMILY, INCLUDING THE CHILDREN, WIPED OUT! THIS IS TERRIBLE! AND NOT A TRACE OF THE BOARDER... I GUESS WE CAN TAKE IT FOR GRANTED THAT HE'S THE MURDERER!

THE FIEND! WE MUST CATCH HIM QUICKLY, BEFORE HE HAS A CHANCE TO STRIKE AGAIN!



WELL, LOOKA HERE! I'M STILL WORTH A SPREAD AFTER 8 MONTHS! IT READS, 'NEBRASKA FIEND STILL AT LARGE'! TSK, TSK, I SURE GOT 'EM RUNNIN' AROUND IN CIRCLES! WHY DON'T THEY GIVE UP? THEY'RE TOO DUMB TO FIGURE OUT I'M SO SMART, THAT I'D SET MYSELF UP IN A TOWN LIKE MINDEN, AS A RESPECTABLE CITIZEN, WITH ALL THE TRIMMIN'S, EVEN A LADY FRIEND!



LET'S TAKE A STROLL THROUGH THE GROVE, DICK—IT'S SUCH A LOVELY EVENING! WHAT WERE YOU READING IN THE PAPER WHEN I CAME ALONG? YOU LOOKED SO AMUSED!

I WAS LAUGHING AT THOSE POOR SAPS WHO WORK FOR THE LAW, CHASIN' ALL OVER THE COUNTY LOOKIN' FOR THE NEBRASKA FIEND—WHEN ALL THE WHILE HE'S UNDER THEIR VERY NOSES!



WHY, DICK, WHAT DO YOU MEAN? HOW WOULD YOU KNOW WHERE THE FIEND IS UNLESS YOU KNEW WHO HE WAS?

OH, ER, ER, IT'S MY OWN THEORY THAT HE'S UNDER THEIR NOSES!

OH, WELL, LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT THAT REPULSIVE CREATURE ANYMORE! JUST THINKING ABOUT HIM GIVES ME THE SHIVERS!

OH, OH, I MADE A BAD SLIP!



WHEN SHE HAS TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT, SHE'S GOIN' TO REALIZE I'M THE NEBRASKA FIEND! I CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN!

DICK! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT KNIFE? LET ME GO!

COME HERE, YOU WITCH!

HEAVEN HELP ME! I MUST GET AWAY! HE'S GONE INSANE!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

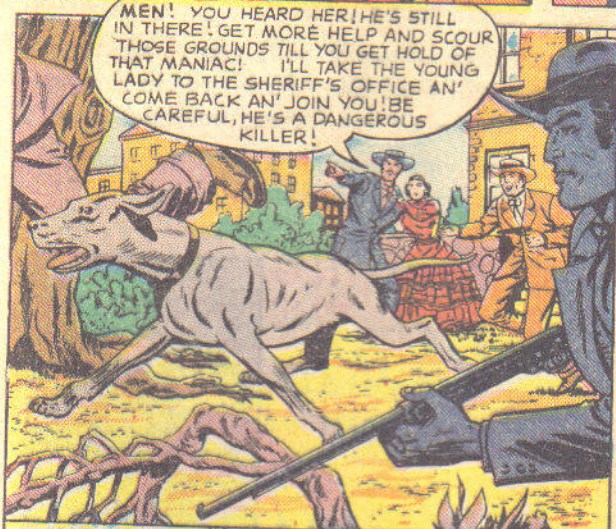
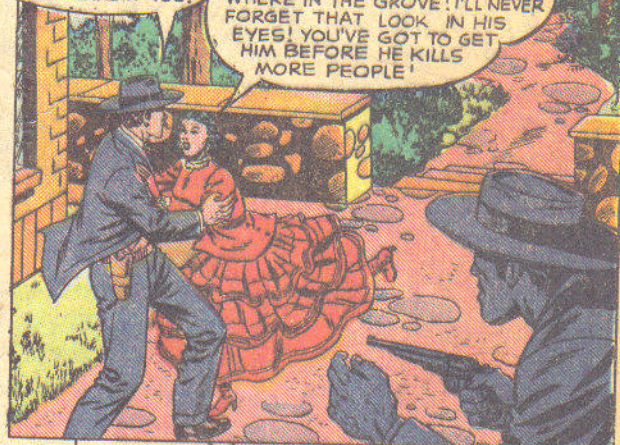


COME BACK HERE! RUNNIN' AWAY ISN'T GOIN' TO HELP YOU! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FROM THE NEBRASKA FIEND—NO MORE THAN THE TWELVE OTHERS!

THE NEBRASKA FIEND? OH, MY GOSH! HELP! WON'T SOMEONE HELP... QUICK!

WHOA! THERE, YOUNG LADY! YOU'RE ACTIN' LIKE THE DEVIL HIMSELF WAS CHASIN' YOU!

WORSE! IT'S THE NEBRASKA FIEND! SAVE ME, HE JUST TRIED TO KILL ME! HE'S HIDING SOMEWHERE IN THE GROVE! I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT LOOK IN HIS EYES! YOU'VE GOT TO GET HIM BEFORE HE KILLS MORE PEOPLE!



MEN! YOU HEARD HER! HE'S STILL IN THERE! GET MORE HELP AND SCOUR THOSE GROUNDS TILL YOU GET HOLD OF THAT MANIAC! I'LL TAKE THE YOUNG LADY TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE AN' COME BACK AN' JOIN YOU! BE CAREFUL, HE'S A DANGEROUS KILLER!

HERE'S THE ONLY MAN WE FOUND LURKIN' IN THE BUSHES, CHIEF!

THAT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT! HE SAID HE'D KILL ME... LIKE THE OTHERS! EEEK! DON'T LET HIM NEAR ME, PLEASE!

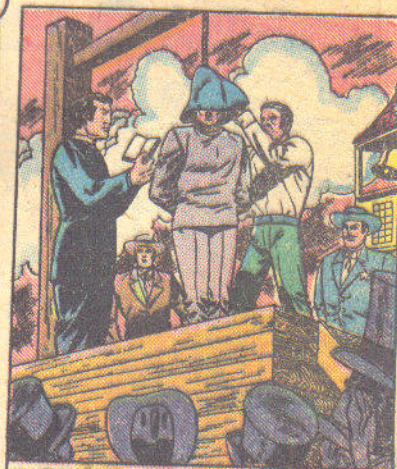
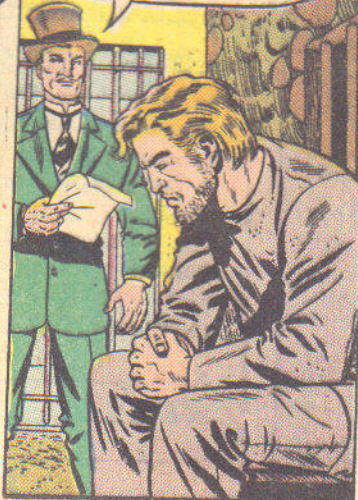
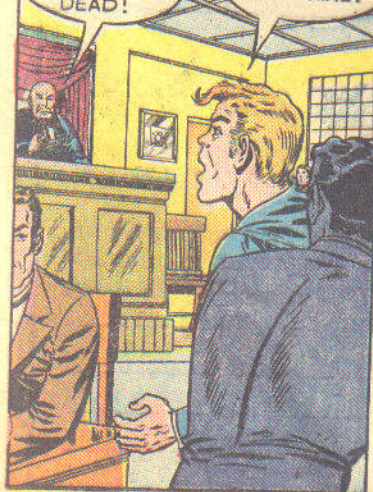
YOU NEEDN'T BE AFRAID, MISS! HE WON'T DO ANY MORE HARM... WITH ALL THE EVIDENCE WE'VE GOT AGAINST HIM, HE'S GOING WHERE HE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO HARM ANY ONE AGAIN!



I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU, DICK RICHARDS, TO HANG BY THE NECK UNTIL PRONOUNCED DEAD!

YOU CAN'T HANG AN INSANE MAN! I'M INSANE! I DEMAND A NEW TRIAL!

SORRY, RICHARDS, THE GOVERNOR HAS REJECTED YOUR PLEA OF INSANITY! THERE IS NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO!



MINDEN, NEB., APRIL 26, 1879.. THE END OF THE TRAIL FOR RICHARDS, THE NEBRASKA FIEND, AT THE AGE OF 23. ANOTHER PROOF THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

The End

THESE 5 BOOKS...THE MOST EXCITING YOU EVER READ!

BIG SHOT GANGSTERS



THEIR CRIMES, CAREERS
AND DEATHS!

BRAND NEW!



1 BIG SHOT GANGSTERS

by Stanford Quayle
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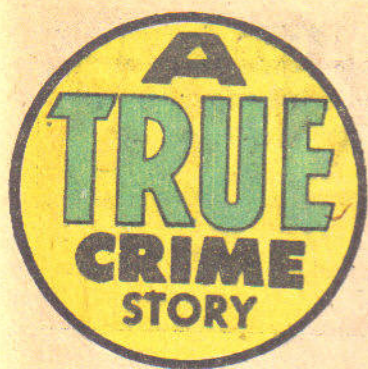
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CRAZY DAN ZARELLA AND HIS STUPID STOOGES, VINCENT FURO

THEY KILLED A PAL FOR MONEY AND PAID FOR IT WITH THEIR NECKS

"SO YOU wanna get some dough, huh?" Dan Zarella squinted through the black, dangerous slits of his eyes. "How about a couple of thousand bucks?"

Vincent Furo's jaw dropped open in amazement. "Hey, you kiddin'?" demanded Zarella's companion.

"No," Zarella said. "I mean it. It'll be a push-over—just like that." He snapped his fingers. "Only maybe we gotta bump a guy off."

"That ain't so good," Furo replied. "But for that kinda dough, it's worth it . . . if we don't get caught."

"Not a chance. I got it all figured out. We even escape in the guy's own car. If the coppers get our license number, the laugh will be on them!"

Furo shook his head slowly. "Something's screwy," he said. "How come if it's so easy you don't do it yourself and take *all* the cabbage? Why do you want to cut me in?"

"Because, ya dope," answered Zarella, "I gotta work an angle. I've known this guy all my life, see? He don't suspect nothing, an' he picks me up in his car. That's where you come in. I steer him over to you an' you pull the stickup."

Furo lit a cigarette and inhaled it slowly. "Okay, Danny. Go finger this boob what carries two thousand fish around with him."

"Not now," said Zarella. "Tomorra . . . around noon."

The Smith Grocery Company, cash wholesalers, did a big business. On January 5, 1933, Thomas Dominick took the black satchel from the store's manager, Edward Royce.

"Take good care of it, Tommy," Royce warned the company messenger. "You've got over twenty-three hundred dollars in there."

Tom Dominick whistled sharply. "Holy smoke,

Ed," he exclaimed, "ain't you afraid I'll take a powder?"

Royce chuckled. "Any time I can't trust you with twenty-three hundred or twenty-three thousand, I'll stop trusting my own mother!"

Outside the warehouse, Dominick got into his car and, placing the precious bag at his feet, he drove off in the direction of the bank. He thought proudly of the trust that his employer had in him. It felt good to know people trusted him. It made him want to trust others.

He was so engrossed with his pleasant thoughts, that he almost missed hearing his name being called. Dominick jammed his brakes quickly, then noticed his friend, Danny Zarella, waving to him from the sidewalk. Dominick nosed his Studebaker through the traffic, toward the curb. The man on the sidewalk opened the car door and got in beside Tom.

"How about a lift down the block?" Zarella asked.

"Sure, Danny, why not?" Dominick said agreeably. "I'm only going to the bank, but if it'll help, you're welcome to the ride."

"Thanks," Zarella said. "I ain't going much farther myself."

Dominick shifted into second, stepped on the gas, and rolled into high. "I haven't seen you much lately," he said to his companion. "You working?"

Zarella snorted, "Nah, I get along all right without work."

Dominick frowned. "You mean you live off your folks?"

Zarella did not reply. At that moment he was searching for Furo, who was stationed nearby. He spotted his accomplice almost at once.

"Hold it, Tommy," he said quickly. "Mind if we pick up a friend of mine?"

"Okay," said Dominick, "only tell him to hurry!

I sort of like to beat the noon rush at the bank."

Furo's hand was in his pocket as he entered the rear door of the sedan. He was gripping a .32 Colt automatic.

"Hi," greeted Dominick. He half turned, expecting an introduction. Instead, the corner of his eye caught the glint of blue steel.

"High, is right," Furo snarled. "Stop the car and slide over from behind that wheel. Then reach HIGH! Danny, take the wheel!"

The blood drained from Tom Dominick's face. "Danny, you planned this?"

Zarella snorted. "Certainly . . . I told you I didn't need to work, didn't I?"

"But why? You're a friend of mine."

"I look out for number one guy first," Zarella said. "Now button your lip, if you don't want Furo to send a slug through you." Then, leaning forward across the wheel, he said, "I'll head out toward the river."

The car finally turned off the main highway, taking a dirt road that wound through flat, dry land, above whose dusty surface grew weeds and sparse clumps of waist-high meadow grass.

"Look," said Tom Dominick, growing suddenly more alarmed, "this money is insured. Why don't you take it and let me go?"

"Sure," sneered Zarella. "So you can put the finger on us?"

"What . . . what are you going to do?"

"You'll find out!"

The car had almost reached the river. Zarella swerved off the meadow road and headed for a clump of trees. He braked to a stop. "Get out," he said.

Dominick's eyes widened. He thought of running, but Furo's gun was pointed at him. He would be hit before he could take a dozen steps. "Please!" he cried out frantically. "I never did anything to you guys!"

The gun answered with a bark. Tom Dominick gasped once, a half cry, before his knees buckled. Then he lay still on the ground. The gun barked once more and a bullet crashed through Dominick's skull.

"Come on," said Zarella. "That bird won't squawk now!"

The two killers ran to Dominick's car and sped away. They took the road running beside the

canal, fed from the Mississippi, along the west end of New Orleans. Furo tossed the murder gun through the window. It splashed on the surface of the canal and disappeared.

Having driven into the city, the two abandoned the car in an alley. Furo took the bag of money for later division, and the killers parted. They had wiped any possible fingerprints off the car and had disposed of the murder weapon. They had not left a single clue to point to themselves.

So the police thought, when the murder was discovered, as it was almost immediately. A boy on a nearby farm had seen three men enter the woods, had heard shots, and had seen two men emerge from the trees and speed off. The boy had taken down the license number. But the police, checking, found that the car belonged to the victim.

Then, two boys who had been playing near the canal reported seeing a gun tossed into the water. Police recovered the weapon. At the scene of the crime, they found the bullet that had gone through Dominick's head. Ballistics experts declared the bullet to have come from the gun fished out of the canal.

A New Orleans law requires pawnbrokers to report each day every article pawned, the name of the owner, a description and all identification marks, such as manufacturers' numbers, on each article. Police checked reports from pawnbrokers and found the murder gun had been pawned two years before the crime. It was tedious work, but it paid off! The day after the murder, Furo was identified as the owner of the gun, and arrested. He claimed that he had been in a theater, when the program started, before noon. One of Furo's brothers and a friend both substantiated the killer's alibi. But the police demanded a description of the performance. Furo, of course, could not give it. Further questioning led to a confession and Zarella was implicated.

In spite of the care the killers had taken, there were clues. There are *always* clues. The 'smart killers' who wouldn't be caught, were caught—and in only twenty-four hours! Also, the entire twenty-three hundred dollars was recovered.

The tragedy, of course, was that an innocent man had to lose his life for these killers to learn that CRIME DOES NOT PAY. They *did* learn it, however, swiftly and certainly. Within three months, both killers were sentenced to hang!

THE END

THIS IS YOUR PAGE

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

\$2⁰⁰ FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED **\$2⁰⁰**

Dear Reader:

In every issue of CRIME DOES NOT PAY this page is devoted to your opinions, ideas and suggestions. Since the conception of CRIME DOES NOT PAY we have been guided by two ideals—first, the eradication of crime, and second, to give credit to the fearless detectives and officers of the law who daily risk their lives that you and we may live in a more lawful society.

CHARLES BIRO and BOB WOOD, Editors

When my younger brother began to associate with a bunch of neighborhood scoundrels, I was afraid it might lead him to a life of crime, so I introduced him to your fine publication, CRIME DOES NOT PAY. Since then, he has found a new and better circle of friends, and often thanks me for showing him your magazine.

I'm sure that if your magazine were circulated through the prisons, there would be more ex-convicts going straight.

Yours very truly,
A. B.
Cleveland, Ohio

Some prisoners do.

Showing crime in its true light isn't an easy job, I'm sure—but your magazine is really doing a grand job. Your graphic illustrations, loaded with appeal and a poignant message, more than richly deserve the words of praise and recognition of your vast monthly readership and I trust your mag will rededicate itself to the terrific job of making our nation cleaner and more liveable by teaching CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

Congratulations, Lyle Patrick Murphy
2303a Sidney St., St. Louis, Mo.

We are rededicated.

I am president of our club. I want you to know how your magazine CRIME DOES NOT PAY is really proving to us that crime truly does not pay. I live near a jail and have taken your magazine over to the inmates many times. They say that CRIME DOES NOT PAY comics is compiled of authentic stories and they appreciate them as much as I do. Not only does your magazine tell the truth, but it is also interesting and educational. It helps prevent a great deal of juvenile delinquency.

Sincerely, Larry Hornowitz
(Please send us your correct address)

Best wishes to your club.

Please try to limit your letters to about 50 words. All letters become the property of Lev Gleason Publications, Inc., and we reserve the right to edit same. Address all letters to CRIME DOES NOT PAY comics, 114 East 32nd Street, New York 16, New York.

Picking up your attractively covered magazine, I enjoyed it immensely. It wasn't put down until the finish. It has every trait one could want in a magazine. Plots and characters are realistic and the adventures are true to life. The stories and situations teach morals and uphold law and order in our society. Truly, in my opinion, it is super with a capital "S".

Your critic, Marjorie Zimmerman
c/o Mrs. Lizzie Pannkuk, Burt, Iowa

It needs a lot more telling.

I can truthfully say CRIME DOES NOT PAY is the best book that I have ever read. It isn't just an ordinary book—it's an education in itself. By publishing this wonderful magazine, you have helped people from all parts of the world to become good, honest citizens.

Good luck and keep up the splendid work.

Sincerely, Mrs. F. Corey
Corey Hotel, Caribou, Maine

That comes first.

The other day when I was in church, the priest was talking about comics children read. I asked him what he thought of CRIME DOES NOT PAY. He said that it was a wonderful book for everyone to read because it starts them thinking of the advantages of a good, honest life and the disadvantages of an evil, dishonest one.

Yours truly, Lorraine Wagner
1309 East 64 St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

That it does and will keep on.

There will be no preaching in our house about crime and stealing, for when our son learns to read, he'll be handed all the issues of CRIME DOES NOT PAY that my husband and I are now reading and saving for him. This is our investment in his future and we wish to thank you from the bottom of our hearts for your great magazine.

Sincerely, Mrs. Mildred Kain
301 West Utica St., Buffalo, N. Y.

What more can be said?

MEN! Beautiful Matching Genuine Leather Western BILLFOLD, POCKET FLASHLIGHT and COWHIDE Western BELT.



Embossed Cowhide Belt

De Luxe
Quality



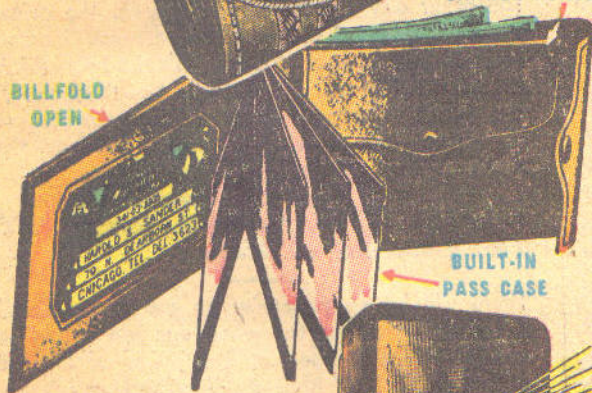
Beautiful
WESTERN
DESIGN!

GENUINE
LEATHER

BILLFOLD
CLOSED

BUILT-IN
CHANGE PURSE

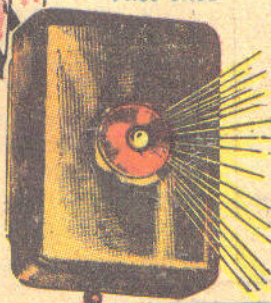
BILLFOLD
OPEN



BUILT-IN
PASS CASE

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THE BELT Men! Go western for the smartest, most comfortable, toughest wearing belt you've ever owned. Here is a beautiful Cowhide Belt that's certain to make a big hit with every man who wants a rich looking stylish belt that will hold without binding when buckled. Look at these features! Genuine Beautiful Antique Tan Finish—expertly hand-stamped from end to end in Tooled Spanish Design by skilled belt craftsmen; gives this Texas Beauty Belt that ultra-smart, rich appearance everyone admires. Belt comes standard width in sizes from 28 to 46 and has an all-metal buckle. Has a supporting leather strip underneath so belt can't slip.

THE BILLFOLD You've never known real Billfold satisfaction until you've used this "Western Style" De Luxe Pass Case Billfold with its Built-In Change Purse, its roomy Currency Compartment, its Secret Pocket for extra valuables. A veritable storehouse for everything a man likes to carry with him. Exterior is of smart Genuine Leather designed in picturesque style of the West. Embossed illustrations are stamped by hand right into the leather itself. A Billfold of unusual beauty with many unusual and serviceable features.

THE FLASHLIGHT Here's the handiest flashlight you've ever seen. Fits into vest pocket, purse or slacks. Measures only 1 1/4" wide x 2 1/4" high and can be held in palm of hand. All metal construction exclusive of fittings. Throws a clear beam of light through center opening. In addition, the plastic reflector which encircles bulb gives off a bright red glow. A flick of the finger quickly turns switch on or off as desired. Ideal for finding keys, or locating light buttons in the dark, for tinkering around workshop or auto, and hundreds of other uses. Beautifully finished in dura-tone color. Complete with batteries.

YOU TAKE NO RISK ORDERING THIS BEAUTIFUL MATCHING SET We sincerely believe that this 3-piece Western set of belt, billfold and flashlight represents the finest value of its kind to be found anywhere. Convince yourself by comparing our low price of \$2.98 with what you would have to pay elsewhere. We're sure you'll agree that here's a beautiful matching set you can't afford to pass up. Rush your order at once and see for yourself. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just mail coupon and pay postman on arrival. If, after you receive your belt, billfold and flashlight set, you aren't more than pleased in every respect with the appearance and quality of this outstanding value, just return within 10 days and your money will be promptly refunded in full.

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This is my belt size (state your size from 28 to 46) _____

NAME _____

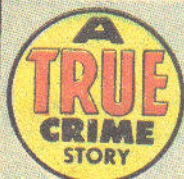
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CRIME DOES NOT PAY



WHO DUNNIT?

TEST YOUR WITS—HOW GOOD A DETECTIVE ARE YOU?

WHO WAS THE COLD-BLOODED, CALCULATING MURDERER WHOSE ENGINE OF DEATH WAS A SLEEK 8 CYLINDER MONSTER OF THE HIGHWAYS? THE POLICE OF SAN FRANCISCO WERE BAFFLED FOR TWO DAYS—THE 29TH AND 30TH OF AUGUST, 1932, DURING WHICH TIME THREE PERSONS PERISHED IN THE HAIR-RAISING MURDER CASE! CAN YOU PICK OUT THE FIENDISH KILLER AND THE CLUES WHICH LEAD TO HIS(OR HER) INESCAPABLE DOOM? WHO DUNNIT? WHO KILLED MRS. HIGGINS?

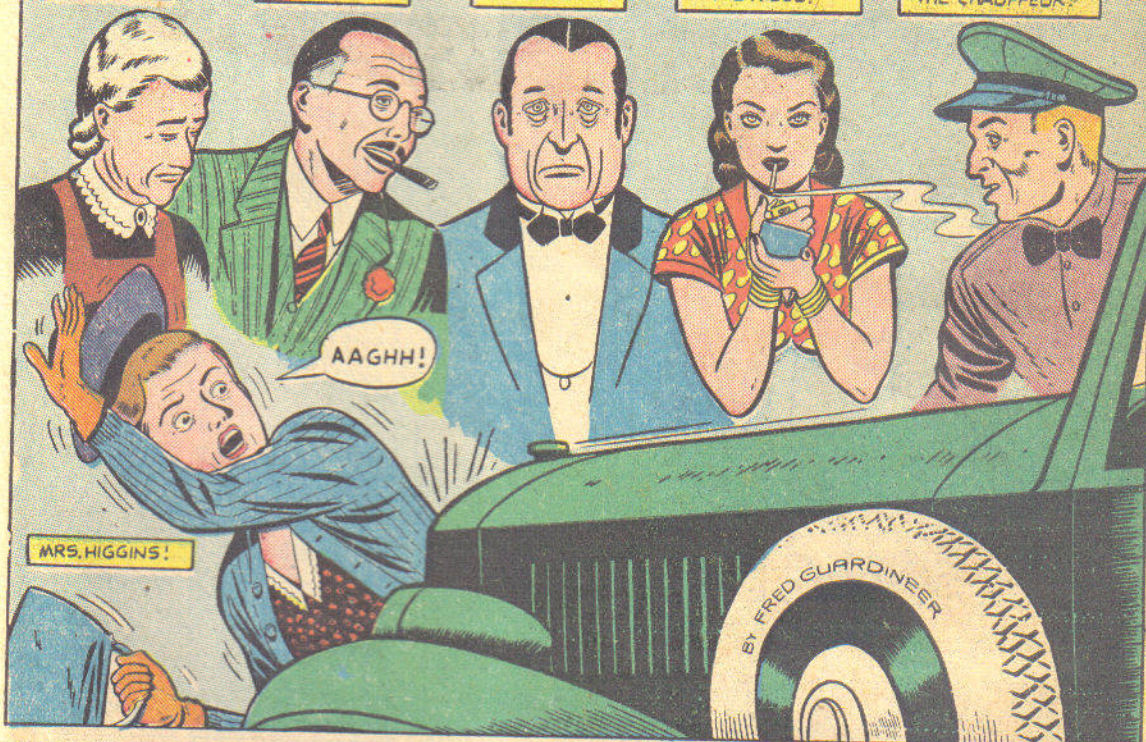
ALMA,
THE COOK!

FRANK EXTER,
THE LAWYER!

HUBERT,
THE BUTLER!

SHEILA HIGGINS,
THE NIECE!

VERNE TIMMONS,
THE CHAUFFEUR!

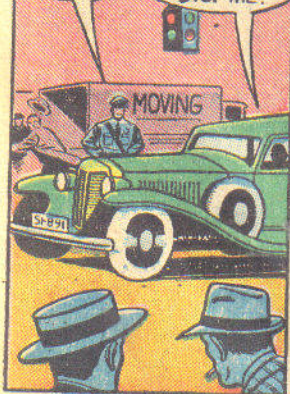


MRS. HIGGINS!

SAN FRANCISCO, ON THE AFTER-NOON OF AUGUST 29, 1932...

HEY, YOU!
SLOW DOWN
THERE! THE
LIGHT IS
CHANGING!

BUT IT HASN'T
TURNED RED YET!
IF I WANT TO MAKE
A LIGHT, NO VULGAR
COP IS GOING TO
STOP ME!



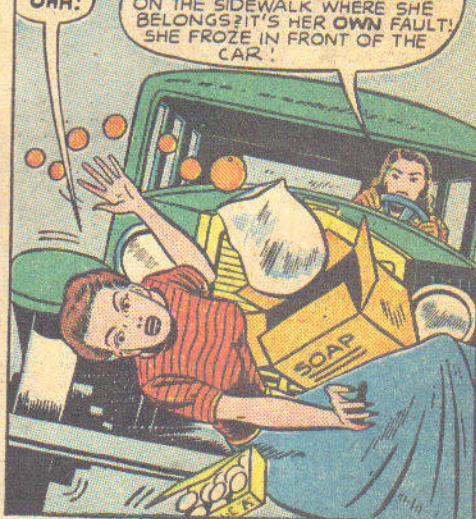
LOOK OUT!
THAT CAR!

THE FOOLS! WHY
DON'T THEY GET
OUT OF THE
WAY?

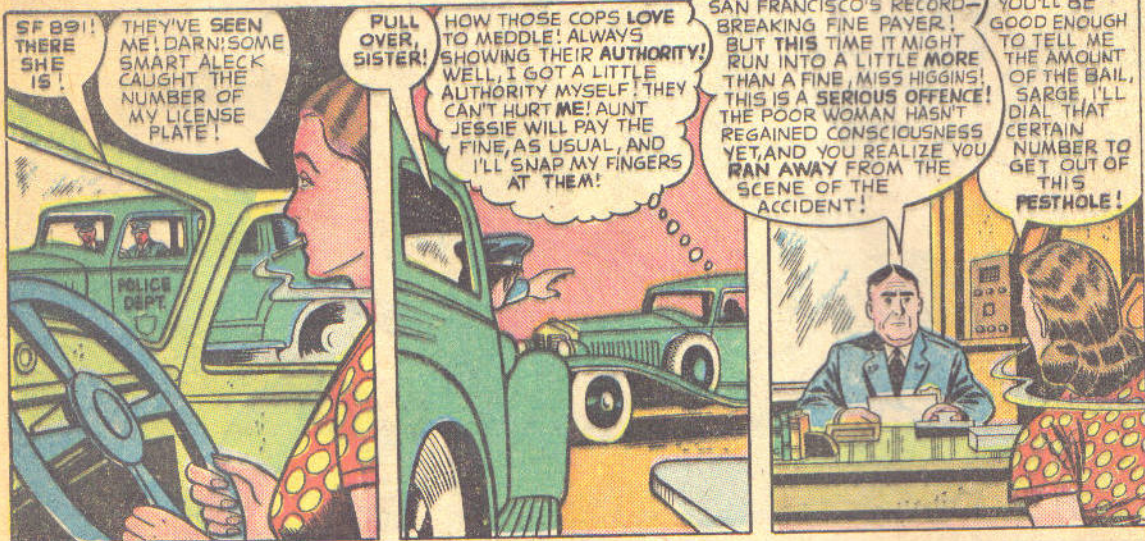


OH!

IDiot! WHY DIDN'T SHE GET BACK
ON THE SIDEWALK WHERE SHE
BELONGS? IT'S HER OWN FAULT!
SHE FROZE IN FRONT OF THE
CAR!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

MEANWHILE, AT A LARGE SAN FRANCISCO FOOD MARKET:

IT'S A VERY GOOD THING YOU HAPPENED TO INQUIRE ABOUT THE HIGH PRICES YOU'VE BEEN PAYING, MRS. HIGGINS! OTHERWISE YOUR BUTLER COULD'VE GONE ON ROBBING YOU FOR ANOTHER TEN YEARS! HOW IN THE WORLD HE GOT AWAY WITH ADDING 25 PER CENT TO EVERY MEAT, VEGETABLE AND FOOD BILL ON YOUR ACCOUNT AND POCKETING THE DIFFERENCE WITHOUT YOUR KNOWING IT, I CAN'T IMAGINE!

HE CHEATED ME OUT OF MORE THAN \$10,000 OVER TEN YEARS! SO THIS IS HOW HE REPAYS MY KINDNESS AND TRUST IN HIM!

WILL YOU DO THE PROSECUTING, MRS. HIGGINS?

I CERTAINLY WILL! NOTHING WOULD GIVE ME GREATER PLEASURE THAN TO SEE THAT SCOUNDREL BEHIND BARS! THANK YOU FOR A VERY ENLIGHTENING AFTERNOON, MR. SYKES!

YOU SEEM TO BE UPSET, MRS. HIGGINS! IS ANYTHING WRONG? CAN I BE OF ANY ASSISTANCE?

NO, THANK YOU, VERNE! JUST DRIVE ME HOME AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE!

THE WRETCH! ALL THESE YEARS HUBERT'S BEEN HANDING ME A WEEKLY MARKETING BILL AND I'VE BEEN GIVING HIM WHAT HE ASKED FOR, WITHOUT EVEN CHECKING UP!



FIRST, MA'AM, ALMA AND I HAVE DISCOVERED THAT THE SILVER WE ALL THOUGHT WAS MISSING WASN'T MISSING AT ALL! IT WAS **STOLEN**, MA'AM! AND YOUR CHAUFFEUR, VERNE TIMMONS, IS THE THIEF!

IT'S ALL IN VERNE'S CLOSET, MA'AM!



IT DOESN'T MATTER IF ALMA HEARS THIS, BECAUSE THE WHOLE TOWN WILL SOON KNOW WHAT A SCOUNDREL AND THIEF YOU REALLY ARE! FOR TEN YEARS YOU'VE BEEN CHEATING ME ON THE MARKETING BILLS! HUBERT, YOU'RE GOING TO PRISON FOR THIS!

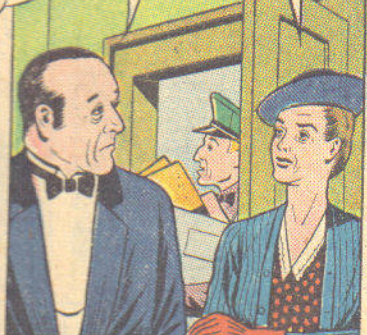
GULP! SURELY, MA'AM... THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE!



WHAT A FOOL HE MUST THINK I AM! THEY MUST ALL BE LAUGHING BEHIND MY BACK ABOUT JESSIE HIGGINS, THE SUCKER! MY LAWYER, EXTER, STEALS MY BONDS TO SPECULATE IN WALL STREET! SHEILA IS A MILLSTONE AROUND MY NECK WITH HER EXTRAVAGANCE, HER CONSTANT SCRAPES WITH THE LAW! NOW HUBERT! I'LL BET HE'S ALSO RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SILVER THAT'S BEEN DISAPPEARING RECENTLY WITH SO MUCH REGULARITY!

GOOD DAY, MA'AM! IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'VE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU IN PRIVATE—TWO THINGS IN FACT!

INDEED! WOULD YOU MIND BRINGING THOSE PARCELS INTO MY STUDY, VERNE? I MUST FIND OUT WHAT HUBERT HAS ON HIS MIND!



SO! VERNE TIMMONS IS A COMMON BURGLAR! THAT'S JUST FINE! I'LL HAVE THE ROGUE ARRESTED! NOW WHAT'S THE OTHER THING YOU WANTED TO TELL ME!

WELL, MA'AM... IT'S ABOUT YOUR NIECE, MISS SHEILA! SHE'S IN TROUBLE AGAIN! SHE PHONED FROM THE POLICE STATION! SHE RAN SOMEBODY DOWN AND SHE NEEDS BAIL!

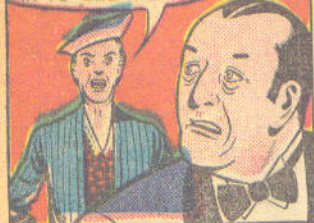
SHE DOES, EH? WELL, SHE CAN GO WHISTLE FOR IT! I'M SICK OF HER ETHERAL FINES! SHE DESERVES PUNISHMENT—SHE'S NOTHING BUT A CRIMINAL! AND SPEAKING OF CRIMINALS... HUBERT—DON'T GO YET!

MA'AM?

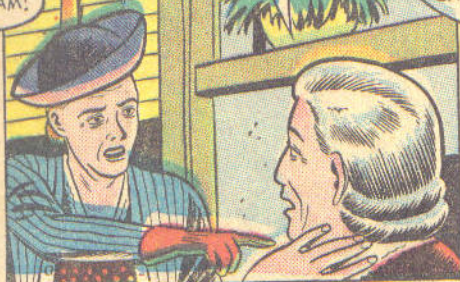


CRIME DOES NOT PAY

YOU BET THERE WAS, HUBERT! AND NOT ALL THE MISTAKES WERE IN ADDITION, EITHER! YOU THOUGHT THAT YOU COULD GO ON CHEATING ME FOREVER, DIDN'T YOU? WELL YOU'RE GOING TO PAY ME BACK NOW, HUBERT! AND NOT IN DOLLARS, BUT IN YEARS... TEN YEARS TO BE EXACT! A YEAR IN PRISON FOR EVERY YEAR YOU SPENT STEALING FROM MY PURSE! AND DON'T BOTHER PLEADING! MY MIND IS MADE UP! GET OUT OF MY SIGHT AND SEND THAT OTHER THIEF, VERNE TIMMONS, IN TO SEE ME!



WELL... WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? HAVING A GOOD LOOK AROUND TO SEE WHAT YOU CAN STEAL, TOO?



OH, NO, MA'AM! I'D NEVER STEAL! I... I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU WERE READY TO GIVE ME YOUR ANSWER... ABOUT MY SON'S TUITION FOR MEDICAL SCHOOL! YOU PROMISED TO ADVANCE ME \$2,000 ON MY SALARY!

I'VE WORKED SO HARD ALL MY LIFE, MA'AM, ONLY FOR THIS—SO MY SON COULD BECOME A DOCTOR! AND YOU PROMISED, LONG AGO, WHEN THE TIME CAME, YOU'D ADVANCE ME THE MONEY TO SEE HIM THROUGH MEDICAL SCHOOL! OH, MA'AM, I'VE NO ONE ELSE TO TURN TO, IF YOU LET ME DOWN! YOU CAN'T LET ME DOWN!

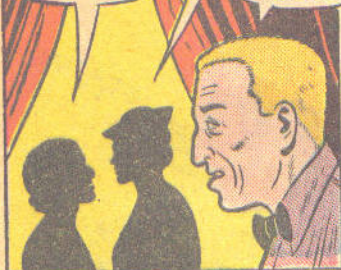
CAN'T I? WELL, I DO! I'M SICK OF BEING EXPLOITED AND CHEATED AND PULLED APART FOR MY MONEY! I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO YOUR SON!



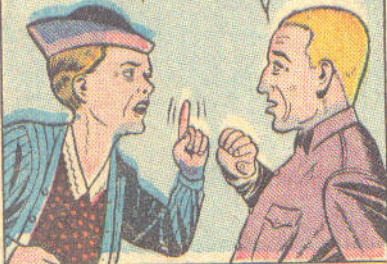
YOU'VE LEFT ME MONEY IN YOUR WILL... TAKE IT OUT OF THAT! WHAT GOOD WILL IT BE TO ME, IF IT COMES TOO LATE FOR MY BOY TO BECOME A DOCTOR, HUH? MA'AM... BE MERCIFUL!

I AM MERCIFUL! I SHOULD HAVE DISCHARGED A BAD COOK LIKE YOU LONG AGO! NOW GET BACK TO THE KITCHEN BEFORE I MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME!

YOU SENT FOR ME, MRS. HIGGINS?



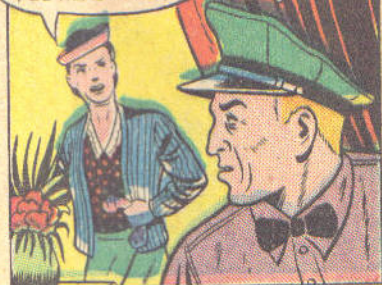
YES, VERNE! TO TELL YOU YOU'RE A COMMON, VULGAR THIEF! NO, DON'T PROTEST! YOU KNOW WE'VE FOUND ALL THE MISSING SILVER IN YOUR CLOSET! THE EVIDENCE SPEAKS FOR ITSELF! I'M HANDING THE MATTER OVER TO THE POLICE!



BUT, MRS. HIGGINS GIVE ME A CHANCE! LET ME PAY YOU BACK! A MAN CAN MAKE A MISTAKE ONCE!

NOT WITH ME HE CAN'T! NOT ANYMORE! I'VE TRUSTED PEOPLE TOO LONG AND EVERYONE HAS PLAYED ME FOR ALL I'M WORTH! PLEASE GO TO YOUR QUARTERS, TIMMONS, AND WAIT! OH DEAR, ALL THIS FUSS TODAY HAS GIVEN ME A DREADFUL HEADACHE!

YOU'LL HAVE MORE THAN A HEADACHE BEFORE THIS DAY IS OVER, YOU OLD WITCH!



EXTER? COME TO MY HOUSE AT ONCE! I WISH TO SPEAK TO YOU! WHAT ABOUT SHEILA? SO SHE EXPECTS ME TO PAY HER BAIL, EH? WELL, TELL SHEILA FOR ME THAT IT'S ABOUT TIME SHE WENT TO JAIL! HER AUNT, THE SUCKER, IS TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF!



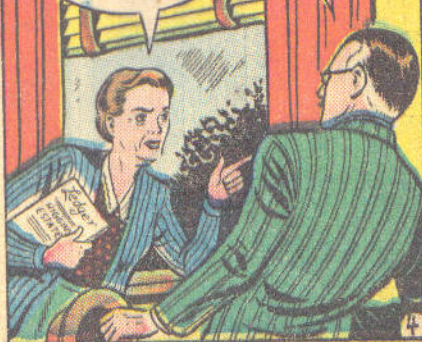
SO THE OLD BUZZARD'S TIGHTENING THE PURSESTRINGS! WELL, I'LL FIX HER WHEN I GET HOME! THERE'S PLENTY OF OTHERS WHO'D BE GLAD TO PAY MY BAIL FOR A SLIGHT FEE!



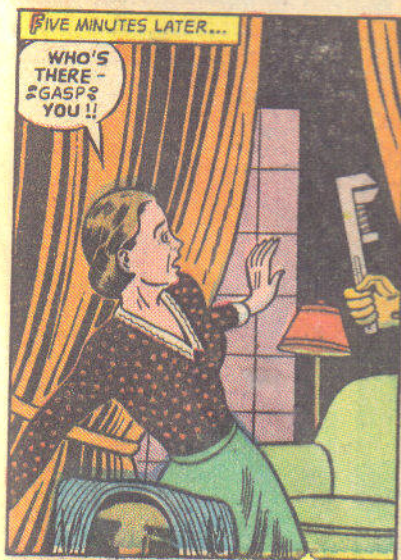
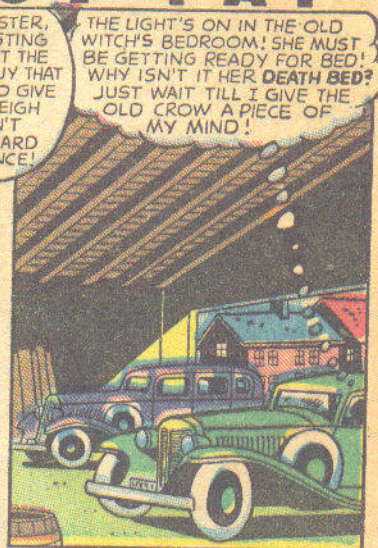
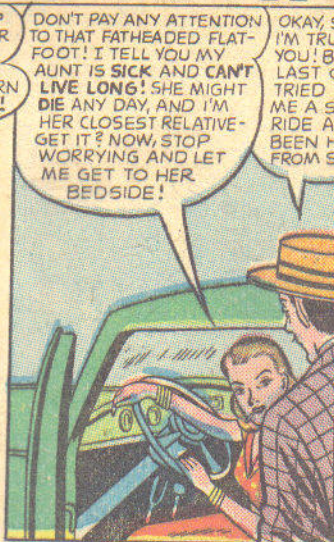
DON'T BE SO SURE, HONEY! THOSE BAIL BOND MERCHANTS WON'T COME ACROSS SO EASY, ONCE THEY KNOW YOU AND AUNTIE ARE ON THE OUTS—AND INCIDENTALLY, ALL THAT TALK ABOUT FIXING AUNTIE—TAKE MY ADVICE, DON'T LET ANY OF THESE COPS HEAR YOU! THEY'LL REMEMBER IN CASE SOMETHING DOES HAPPEN TO HER! BYE-BYE!

EXTER, YOU'VE APPROPRIATED MONEY THAT DOESN'T BELONG TO YOU! I WANT IT ALL BACK BY MORNING AND WE'LL FORGET IT! OTHERWISE, THE LAW WILL TAKE UP THE MATTER FOR ME... IS THAT CLEAR?

VERY CLEAR, BUT ALOT CAN HAPPEN BY TOMORROW, JESSIE! I MEAN... I'LL BE ABLE TO HAVE YOUR MONEY FOR YOU BY THEN! GOOD NIGHT, JESSIE!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

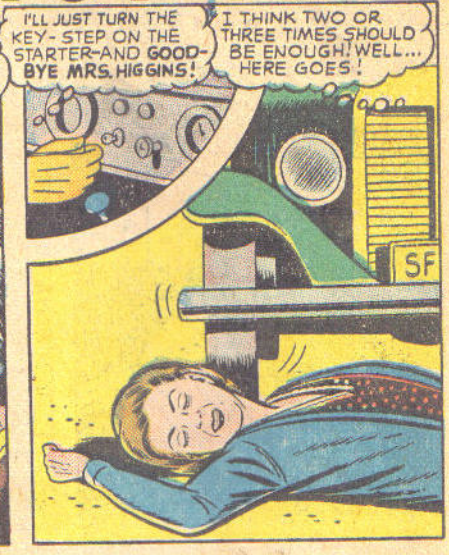


SHE'LL NEED HER SWEATER OUTSIDE! NOT THAT SHE'LL FEEL THE COLD, BUT IT WOULDN'T DO FOR HER TO BE WITHOUT THE CURSED SWEATER, IF SHE'S TO LOOK AS IF SHE WAS STRUCK DOWN WHILE TAKING A LITTLE STROLL!



I'LL RUN THE CAR OVER HER A FEW TIMES; THEN IT'LL SURELY LOOK LIKE A HIGHWAY ACCIDENT!

WHO CAN IT BE? AND WHY IS HE... OR SHE-HEAD-ING FOR THE GARAGE?

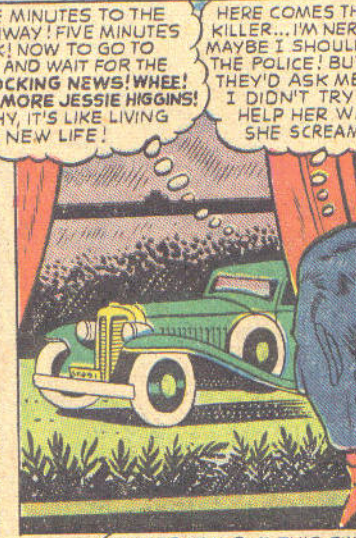


I'LL JUST TURN THE KEY-STEP ON THE STARTER-AND GOOD-BYE MRS. HIGGINS!

I THINK TWO OR THREE TIMES SHOULD BE ENOUGH! WELL... HERE GOES!



TWICE WAS ENOUGH! NOW SHE'S DEAD AND SHE'LL NEVER BOTHER ANYBODY AGAIN! PARTICULARLY ME, ONCE I GET HER TO THE HIGHWAY AND LEAVE HER LYING IN THE ROAD LIKE A HIT-AND-RUN VICTIM!



FIVE MINUTES TO THE HIGHWAY! FIVE MINUTES BACK! NOW TO GO TO BED AND WAIT FOR THE SHOCKING NEWS! WHEE! NO MORE JESSIE HIGGINS! WHY, IT'S LIKE LIVING A NEW LIFE!

HERE COMES THE KILLER... I'M NERVOUS! MAYBE I SHOULD CALL THE POLICE! BUT THEN THEY'D ASK ME WHY I DIDN'T TRY TO HELP HER WHEN SHE SCREAMED!



GOSH, MOLLY! LOOK WHAT'S AHEAD!

GGASP! A DEAD WOMAN! SHE MUST'VE BEEN HIT BY A CAR!



THAT'S OLD MRS. HIGGINS! I OUGHT TO KNOW! I'VE SEEN HER A HUNDRED TIMES!

MUST'VE BEEN WALKING ON THE HIGHWAY WHEN THE ACCIDENT HAPPENED!

ACCIDENT NOTHING! THIS WOMAN WAS MURDERED!



SOMEBODY PUT THIS SWEATER ON HER! SHE'D NEVER PUT IT ON HERSELF INSIDE OUT! ALSO, IF YOU OBSERVE CLOSELY, YOU'LL NOTICE THERE ISN'T EVEN A TRACE OF SKID MARKS OR A BIT OF BLOOD ON THE ROAD!

YOU'RE RIGHT, INSPECTOR DOLAN!



YOU GO TO THE HOUSE, MIKE, AND ROUND UP THE HOUSEHOLD! I WANT TO LOOK AT THE GARAGE FIRST!

I GET IT, INSPECTOR! MAYBE SOMEBODY TURNED THE GARAGE INTO A SLAUGHTER HOUSE!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



I THOUGHT SO! NEWLY WASHED CAR... BLOOD STAINS ON THE FLOOR... HUMAN HAIR ON THE FENDER AND ON THE WHEEL! THIS WAS THE MEANS AND THE METHOD, ALL RIGHT! BUT WHO IS THE PERPETRATOR OF THIS COLD-BLOODED CRIME?

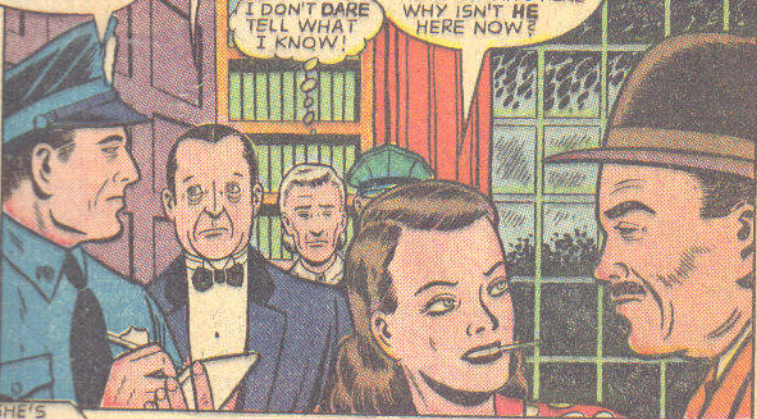
READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, INSPECTOR, HUBERT, THE BUTLER-ALMA, THE COOK-VERNE TIMMONS, THE CHAUFFEUR, AND SHEILA HIGGINS, THE OLD LADY'S NIECE! THEY'VE ALL GOT ALIBIS!

I WAS ASLEEP AT THE TIME THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE HAPPENED!

SO WAS I!
I DON'T DARE TELL WHAT I KNOW!

AS FOR ME, I GOT IN LATE! I WAS TAKING A SHOWER-BUT THERE'S ONE SUSPECT MISSING, INSPECTOR... FRANK EXTER, MY AUNT'S LAWYER! I HAPPEN TO KNOW SHE WAS ANGRY WITH HIM! HE'S STAYING HERE-WHY ISN'T HE HERE NOW?

HE WILL BE, MISS HIGGINS!



ME, INSPECTOR? DON'T BE SILLY! I WAS AT THE PARK-SIDE ARENA WATCHING THE FIGHT! BESIDES, I WOULDN'T DREAM OF HARMING THE OLD LADY! SHE WAS TOO GOOD TO ME!

YES! THAT'S WHY SHE'S DEAD! BECAUSE ONE OF YOU LOVED HER SO DEARLY! WELL, I'LL CONTINUE THIS INVESTIGATION TOMORROW! I WANT THE CORONER'S REPORT BEFORE I DO ANYTHING ELSE! I'D SURE HATE TO HAVE THE CONSCIENCE OF ONE OF YOU! GOOD NIGHT, FOLKS, PLEASANT DREAMS!

THERE HE GOES, THE CONCEITED COPPER! I HOPE THEY MAKE A MISTAKE AND PERFORM THE AUTOPSY ON HIM!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, ALMA? YOU LOOK UPSET?

DON'T TOUCH ME! I SAW EVERYTHING! ONE OF YOU IS A COLD-BLOODED MURDERER! 2508 3

WELL, WELL, SO THE INSPECTOR WAS RIGHT! ONE OF US WAS NAUGHTY TONIGHT!

GOOD HEAVENS! W-WHAT DID I SAY? ONE OF THEM IS BOUND TO THINK I SAW EVERYTHING AND WILL TRY TO SILENCE ME! 26ASP 3 I MUST CALL THE INSPECTOR!

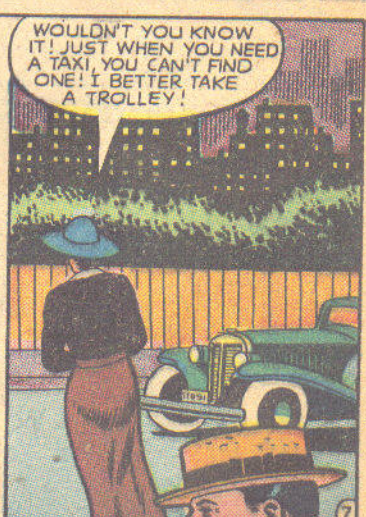


YOU WERE FOOLISH TO BLURT OUT THINGS LIKE THAT, ALMA-GET DRESSED QUICKLY AND TAKE A CAB DOWN TO HEAD-QUARTERS! YOU'LL BE SAFER GETTING OUT OF THE HOUSE, THAN WAITING UNTIL I COULD GET BACK THERE!

YES, INSPECTOR DORAN... AT ONCE... I'M SO FRIGHTENED...

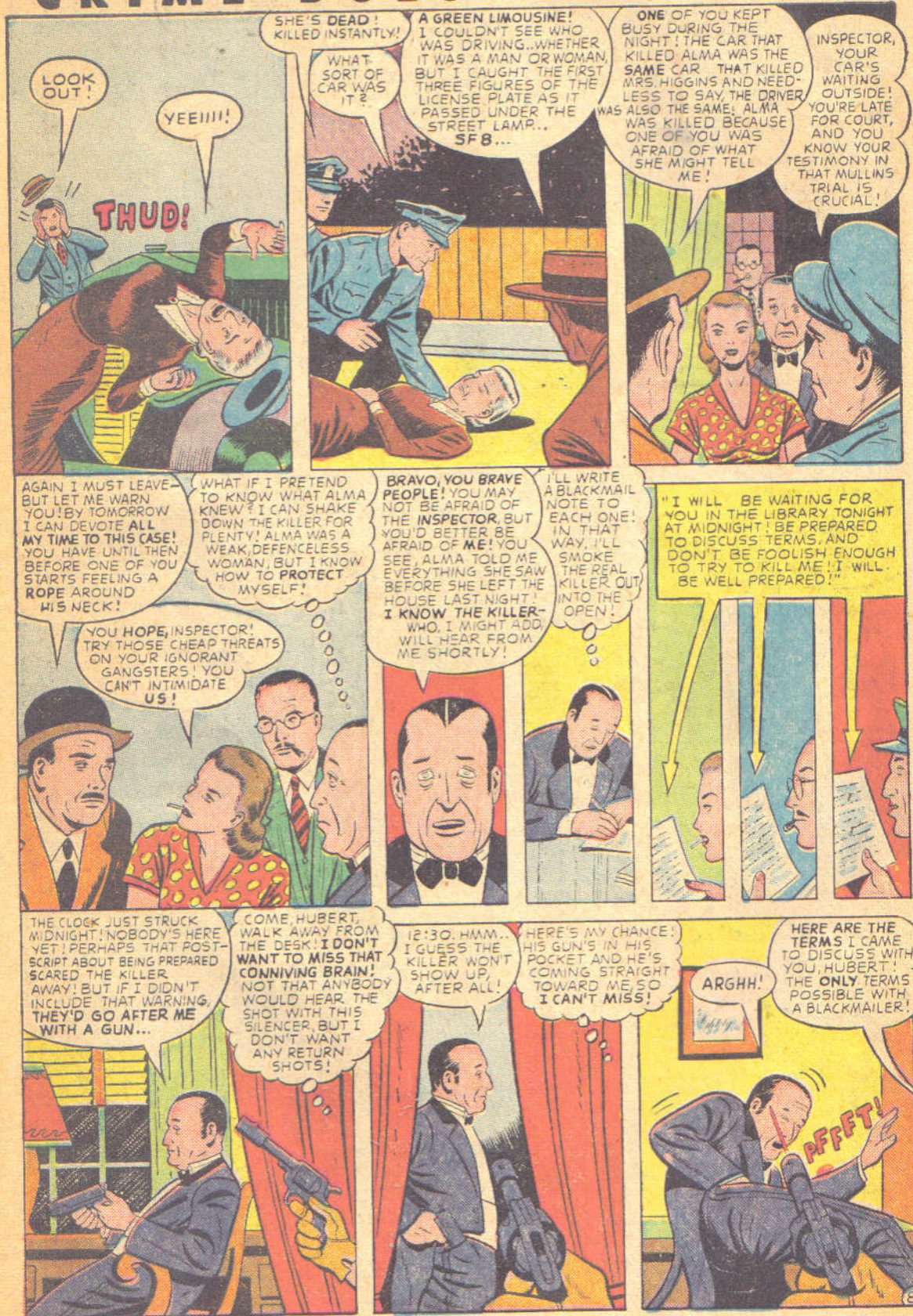


POOR, DUMB ALMA! I HATE TO DO THIS, BUT SHE BROUGHT IT ON HERSELF!



WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT! JUST WHEN YOU NEED A TAXI, YOU CAN'T FIND ONE! I BETTER TAKE A TROLLEY!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

NOW YOU'RE ALL SET UP, POOR FOOL! PEN IN ONE HAND, GUN WITH A SILENCER IN THE OTHER, AND A SUICIDE NOTE NEATLY FORGED ON THE DESK BEFORE YOU! THE INSPECTOR WILL FIND HIS WORK ALL DONE FOR HIM TOMORROW MORNING! HEH! HEH!

WELL, THIS SHOULD WIND THINGS UP, INSPECTOR! HUBERT DID IT! IT'S A SUICIDE AND CONFESSION SET UP... FROM THE GUN TO THE NOTE!

YOU'RE **WRONG**, MIKE! NOBODY COULD WRITE WITH THAT PEN! IT'S BROKEN! SECONDLY... IT'S THE SORT OF PEN WHICH MUST BE DIPPED, AND THERE'S NO INK WELL! THIS IS A **CLEVERLY EXECUTED MURDER**, WHICH IS GOING TO **BOOMERANG SHORTLY!**

I'M GOING TO CALL EACH OF THE THREE SUSPECTS INTO THIS ROOM **ONE BY ONE!** LEAVE EACH ONE ALONE IN HERE FOR A FEW MINUTES, WHILE I GO OUT ON ONE PRETEXT OR ANOTHER! I'M **PRETTY SURE I'LL FIND THE KILLER IN THAT WAY!**

WHAT ARE YOU AIMING AT, INSPECTOR? DO YOU WANT TO SEE THE EFFECT OF VIEWING THE VICTIM ON EACH SUSPECT? IF SO, VERY NEAT! I'LL SEND THE CHAUFFEUR IN FIRST!

I'VE FIGURED OUT YOUR GAG, INSPECTOR! YOU LOCK ME IN WITH A STIFF FOR THREE MINUTES AN' I'M SUPPOSED TO **BREAK DOWN** AND CONFESS!

SOMETHING LIKE THAT, TIMMONS! SEND MISS HIGGINS IN, MIKE!

FOOLED YOU, DIDN'T I, INSPECTOR? I'LL BET YOU THOUGHT I'D CLAW THE WALLS AND SCREAM TO BE LET OUT OF A ROOM WITH A CORPSE! WOMEN ARE SUPPOSED TO BE SO WEAK-KNEED AND SCARY, AREN'T THEY?

NOT ALL WOMEN, MISS HIGGINS! YOU'RE A VERY **EXCEPTIONAL FEMALE!** SEND IN FRANK EXTER, MIKE!

NOW I, TOO, HAVE SPENT FIVE MINUTES WITH THE DEAD! SEE ANY HAIR STANDING UP, INSPECTOR?

NOT A ONE, EXTER! YOU'RE LIKE THE OTHERS... VERY, VERY BRAVE! MIKE, BRING THE OTHERS IN HERE A MINUTE!

WELL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE **HIGGINS MURDER CASE IS SOLVED!** I KNOW WHICH ONE OF YOU IS THE **MURDERER!**

DO YOU KNOW WHO DUNNIT? IF YOU'VE GOT AN EYE FOR CLUES, YOU CAN GUESS THE KILLER! IF YOU CAN'T, THEN TURN THE PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR INSPECTOR DOLAN'S AMAZING REVELATIONS!

THE END

ONLY THE KILLER WOULD NOTICE THAT IF THE BULLET HAD STRUCK THE PICTURE BEHIND HUBERT HE COULD NOT POSSIBLY HAVE SHOT HIMSELF WHILE SITTING AT THE DESK! EXTER'S ACTION IN CHANGING THE PICTURE ON THE WALL WHILE HE WAS LEFT ALONE WITH THE CORPSE, GAVE HIM AWAY COMPLETELY!

AS HUBERT'S NAME APPEARED ON MRS. HIGGINS WILL AS A WITNESS, ONLY EXTER WITH WHOM THE WILL WAS FILED, COULD STUDY HUBERT'S FORGERY WELL ENOUGH TO ATTEMPT THE FORGERY OF A SUICIDE NOTE! BUT EXTER CINCHED HIS DOOM IN ANOTHER WAY! HE MOVED THE BULLET-PUNCTURED PICTURE BEHIND HUBERT TO THE SIDE WALL!

THE MURDERER OF ALL THREE PEOPLE! DON'T GO FOR THAT GUN, FRANK-OR YOU WON'T LIVE TO HEAR THE EXPLANATION!

6 **FRANK EXTER IS THE MURDERER OF ALL THREE PEOPLE! DON'T GO FOR THAT GUN, FRANK-OR YOU WON'T LIVE TO HEAR THE EXPLANATION!**



AS HUBERT'S NAME APPEARED ON MRS. HIGGINS WILL AS A WITNESS, ONLY EXTER, WITH WHOM THE WILL WAS FILED, COULD STUDY HUBERT'S HANDWRITING WELL ENOUGH TO ATTEMPT THE FORGERY OF A SUICIDE NOTE! BUT EXTER CINCHED HIS DOOM IN ANOTHER WAY! HE MOVED THE BULLET-PUNCTURED PICTURE BEHIND HUBERT TO THE SIDE WALL!



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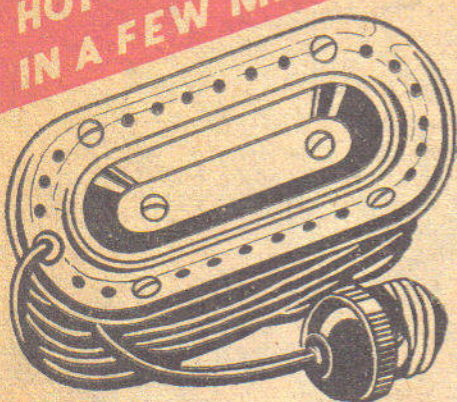


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